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PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE CHINESE COURT—CELESTIAL EXHIBITORS EXPLAINING THEIR WARES.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 210.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POPULAR SENTIMENT.

HAPPILY for the general good, the nominating conventions of the two great political parties will, in a very short time, have made their Presidential nominations, and Cincinnati and St. Louis will have selected the two champions under whose lead the people are to enter upon the struggle for the possession of the reins of government. Who these champions are to be is the question which now keeps the whole country in a ferment. It is the theory of our political system that the selection of candidates is made in conformity with what is presumed to be the wishes of the people; but the difficulty with nominating conventions is to ascertain accurately what it is that the people want. At the present time there is not much mystery about the matter. It is clear that the people want a change in the Government; they want reform; they want honest men in office; and, above all, they want better times. On these points all parties are agreed, but the difficulty is in deciding who the men are that can be safely trusted to bring about the reforms required. Looking at the conventions and conferences which have recently been held in different cities of the Union with reference to the Presidential nominations, it is not so easy to discover in which direction the popular sentiment tends, so far as candidates are concerned.

The most imposing in appearance, if not the most important in its action, of all these conventions, was the Conference held in Fifth Avenue Hotel on the 16th inst., at which ex-President Woolsey of Yale College presided, and ex-Senator Carl Schurz made the principal address. This Conference was not of a partisan character, though it was composed chiefly of Republicans, most of them men of the highest social standing, and many of them of political distinction. They were doctors of divinity, college professors, journalists, lawyers and merchants; men of moral weight and substance, but not politicians. They were unanimous in demanding a change, and strenuous for honest men; but they thought it best to make no announcement of their preferences for any of the candidates whose names are before the people. One member from Chicago avowed himself in favor of Bristow, and Charles Francis Adams, Jr., of Boston, declared that if he could not have Bristow he would be content with Tilden. The address to the people issued by this Conference is understood to have been prepared mainly by Mr. Schurz, and is of a character which all men of all parties can heartily approve. The sentiment of this gathering, which represented some of the best elements of the Republican Party, was unmistakably anti-Administration.

Following immediately after the Fifth Avenue Conference, was the Ohio Democratic State Convention in Cincinnati, on the 17th, when, to the astonishment of all

the rest of the world, the Inflation Party carried the day, and instructed the delegates to the St. Louis Convention to present the name of ex-Governor Allen, sometimes irreverently called "Old Bill Allen," as the candidate of the Ohio Democracy for the Presidency. This, of course, was the honest sentiment of a majority of the Convention, but it is not to be supposed that even those who voted for the Inflation candidate had the slightest expectation of his being nominated at St. Louis. But what was intended, no doubt, was to let the country at large know that the Democracy of Ohio was in favor of the doctrine commonly characterized by the epithet of "rag-baby."

The day before the Cincinnati Convention, there was a gathering in Indianapolis of Inflationists pure and simple, but there was no specially noteworthy person among them, and the chief point of interest was an address presented, but not in person, by the venerable Peter Cooper, in advocacy of paper money and interconvertible Government bonds. Mr. Cooper was nominated by this convention of soft-money men for the Presidency, and the Hon. Newton Booth, of California, had the honor of being nominated for Vice-President. In New Jersey the Republicans held a Convention and chose delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, but gave them no instructions what to do when they got there. The sentiment of the Convention, however, was strongly in favor of Blaine. The Iowa Democrats have declared in favor of specie redemption, but leave their delegates to St. Louis free to act according to their judgment; but in Michigan the Democracy is for Tilden first and Hendricks next. The Tennessee Republicans in their Convention were about equally divided in their Presidential preferences between Bristow and Morton. The Delaware Republicans and Democrats both declared for hard money, and the first for Blaine and the last for Bayard, who seems to be coming to the front.

From all these indications, it is plain enough that, so far as men are concerned, there is such a diversity of opinion as to the most suitable ones to be selected for leaders, that beyond the determination to nominate honest ones, if they can be found, popular sentiment is void and without form, the only sure sentiment being unmistakably in favor of hard money.

There was a convention of Prohibitionists held in Cleveland, who nominated General Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, for the Presidency, and a Mr. Stewart, of Ohio, for the Vice-Presidency; but the Prohibitionists can hardly be regarded as politicians, and their nominations mean nothing.

DYNAMITE AGAIN.

IT is to be hoped that no law of periodicity will be found to obtain in the frequent explosions of dynamite. They occur so often and at such nearly equal intervals, that our mathematicians could almost compute their probable return and trace their cause to some constant quantity. On a close examination of the most serious accidents which we have had occasion to record during the last year, there is an element which enters into them quite apart from any considerations of the dangerous character of the explosive or of the question of its transportation and storage. This element is one of total depravity, and affects the question of morals rather than of physics. One serious explosion after another has taken place, and each one has been duly investigated, and latterly there have been suspicious circumstances which have pointed to a wicked design in producing the results. It was not until there was an accumulation of evidence on this point that any one was willing to give expression to the suspicion which had begun to take hold of many minds. Soon after the introduction of nitro-glycerine there was a strike among the workmen at the oil-wells of Pennsylvania, and the community about Titusville was startled by the intelligence that a secret organization had been formed, the object of which was to destroy the magazines of the Torpedo Company for the purpose of obtaining possession of the means and appliances for exploding what were called "moonlight torpedoes," in order to destroy the property of the owners of the wells.

The loss to the Torpedo Company from frequent theft was very severe, and as they were subjected to censure, and whole communities were kept in constant terror, they put the matter into the hands of detectives, who soon discovered the existence of a secret organization, having passwords and mystic symbols, and bound by oaths to secrecy and mutual protection. The officers of justice succeeded in arresting four of the ringleaders of the band, who were in the act of robbing a magazine situated in Armstrong County, and in lodging them in jail. This was one of the earliest instances of the nefarious use of nitro-glycerine in this country. Since that time other strikes have taken place in the coal regions, and we now hear of a secret organization known as

"The Molly Maguires," which is said to

have branches in all of the mining districts, and wherever great engineering works are in progress. The members of this Order are accused of having fired the magazine in Hoboken which recently occasioned so much damage to property, but fortunately caused no deaths. The matter is now undergoing investigation on the part of the authorities, as there is a serious question of damages, which the city is expected to pay. Whatever may be the result of the inquiry, sufficient evidence exists to make it evident that the storage of dynamite must be surrounded with more guards and precautions than have hitherto been deemed necessary. The explosive is dangerous enough in itself, without the addition of the thieving element; and as long as there is any ground for suspicion of foul play, the precautions to prevent danger ought to be doubled. That any one would knowingly steal a package of dynamite could hardly have been anticipated previously to recent developments, and the light-fingered passenger who appropriated a carpetbag filled with cartridges, from the top of a London omnibus, no doubt, would have been cured of his sudden attack of kleptomania if he had had any idea of the contents of the package. In the light of the Bremerhaven explosion, and warned by a knowledge of the existence of Secret Orders of wicked men, we must be prepared for almost anything nowadays, and make provision to protect ourselves accordingly.

A few words about dynamite: The word is now used generally to apply to any explosive into which nitro-glycerine enters as a constituent. There are a great many ways by which the oil can be combined with other substances, thus giving rise to many varieties of the species. The explosion at the Bergen Tunnel in 1869 was occasioned by nitro-glycerine itself. The accident (if it was an accident) at the same locality the other day was occasioned by a variety of dynamite called rend-rock. This consists of ordinary gunpowder mixed with nitro-glycerine. It is sometimes called lithofracteur; but this hybrid word can be very appropriately exchanged for good Anglo-Saxon. Dualin, giant-powder, dynamite are some of the trade-names now applied to the explosive.

During the siege of Paris great quantities of dynamite were employed, with scarcely any accidents. All of the experiments made with dynamite seem to show that it can be transported with ordinary precautions. Recently, in England, a large box containing fifty pounds was smashed to atoms by violent concussion, and no disastrous results followed. Naked lights were applied to the substance, but these had no other effect than to set it on fire, without any explosion taking place. We hear of so many similar experiments, that the conviction is becoming stronger that in numerous instances where premature or unusual explosions have occurred, their origin is to be traced to some wicked design. It appears to be unfortunately true that the danger is outside of the dynamite, and of a character not creditable to the present condition of our civilization.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE FRENCH.

IT was with no lack of patriotism that the wise and witty author of the "Sentimental Journey" was led to exclaim, when speaking of some trivial affair of life, "They order this matter better in France," and it is with no lack of patriotism that we repeat his words, in application to many of the frictional points of existence that make our lives uncomfortable. How shall we live better? It is a question that concerns our bodies as well as our souls. We need ministers of social economy as well as we need ministers of religion. We want men to tell us how we can make our incomes go further, as well as men to tell us how to make our consciences less elastic. We make money rapidly; but we have yet to learn how to spend it well. Well, they order some of these things better in France, and let us see how.

Here, any man with a family aspires to live in isolated magnificence. He must live quite apart from his neighbor. This present custom grows out of the past necessities of our ancestors. They built each one a log-cabin, and lived in it with their wives and families, and sometimes their flocks. The log-hut, keeping pace with national growth, has become a brownstone house in our cities, and an imposing villa in the country. Four walls to inclose one family under one roof is an absurd and unnecessary expense. Let us see how much better they order this thing in France.

In France it is only the prince or the millionaire that lives apart. All the rest of the population live in great communities. There is one door, one staircase, one roof for all. Needs and social grades are marked by altitude or position. The rich man lives on the first floor; the man of moderate means on the second, and so on to the grisette in the garret. Yet there is the grand *porte-cochère*, the sense

of being surrounded by architectural grandeur that belongs to all. Rents descend as one ascends—for it costs little to build in the air; and the poor clerk who lodges in the garret has the same advantages of neighborhood as the noble who lives on the first floor. By a simple principle of co-operation, each pays his proportion to the common servant—the concierge—who keeps the courtyard tidy and the staircases in order, who answers the door and delivers messages and parcels. This plan decreases the cost of service. The French system is gradually growing in favor in the United States. When its advantages are practically tested, it is seldom abandoned, and when it is generally adopted we shall hear less complaint of high rents: often depending—indeed, almost always depending—on certain fictitious advantages of neighborhood.

The financial troubles that we are passing through arise from the fictitious values we have put upon everything, and especially on real estate. Landlords will learn a good lesson. They will learn that the great class is the middle-class, and that this class must be accommodated. We shall see great squares of "French flats" going up. We shall see whole blocks of houses arranged in apartments, and when that is done, we shall hear less complaint about the high price of rents and the difficulties that beset men of moderate means in finding a place to live. We may adopt the French system with many modifications, but it is the essential way out of our difficulty in providing homes for the middle and poorer classes.

The same principle of co-operation manifested in the arrangement of French dwellings one sees elsewhere in the domestic economy of the people. No washing is done in the house; all the linen is taken to a great establishment, where, on a large scale, it can be done much cheaper than in the family kitchen. No bread is baked in the house, because the baker baking for a thousand saves in fuel, in time, in flour, in help, and can make far better and more wholesome bread.

Then, too, the *café* is an outgrowth of this same principle of co-operation. The weary bachelor, after his restaurant dinner, does not return to his lodgings, but goes to the brilliantly lighted *café* where he finds the journals and light and warmth, at a much lower cost than he could buy them for his own apartment. He meets his friends and saves his pockets at the same time. What could be pleasanter? In America there is a choice between a costly club, the street, a beer saloon and one's lodgings. If one is too poor for the first, and the last is comfortable, then there remain the street and the beer saloon: both prolific sources of temptation to young men. There is no reason why in all the cities of the country we should not have *cafés* like those of Paris: which, after all, are only clubs conducted on very democratic principles. Men, women of the better class, and children, resort to the Parisian *cafés*—and though liquors as well as coffee are sold—there is almost no intoxication. He must be a brute who would get drunk in a place frequented by his own or his friend's mother and sisters, and no man is going to tolerate a drunken man in a place where he is likely to take his wife for an evening. We, too, must learn these lessons of co-operation, before life becomes easy to us and economy possible.

Yes, "they order these things better in France," and we are learning to do so here. Only just now we are in the transition state. We have learned that *housekeeping* is a failure with seven-eighths of the people, and we have not yet the conveniences for *apartment-keeping*. We have to some extent drifted into that other evil, hotel life. But the French, and indeed nearly all Continental countries, have solved the problem of city homes, and it is no use to wait to learn from experience what is best for us, when we have only to turn and look at and learn from them.

IMITATION IN EDUCATION.

IT is a little singular that those who have founded colleges for the education of women should not have planned a new and original course of study. At best these very desirable institutions seem to be possessed with the idea of slavishly imitating the ancient schools, where the masculine sex agonizes over Sophocles, Differential Calculus and Butler's Analogy. The most renowned of these old seats of learning are tumultuous with the throes of reconstruction, but this seems to have been unheeded by the amiable gentlemen who had resolved to devote their money to the intellectual advancement of womankind. Their theory is content with insisting that the young woman shall have equal right with the representative of the other sex to penetrate the mysteries of the higher mathematics, and draw whatever inspiration is practicable from the poets of Greece and the satirists of Rome. Having asserted her rights in the matter, by passing an examination in due form, and receiving a diploma, engrossed (with the proper

amount of flourishes) in the wonderful Latin of a college professor, it is the average opinion that by this process the woman of to-day has achieved a higher culture than was heretofore possible. Has she done so? Few persons who will take the trouble to think twice on the subject will be prepared to reply in the affirmative.

If woman is the exact counterpart of man, then this slavish imitation is right and proper. If her sphere of duty is to be the same, and her future pursuits are to follow the same line precisely, then the identification of studies is correct. If a professional or political career is to be hers, then again no objection is possible. But where the public mind is busily engaged in determining whether all colleges will not do better to instruct young men in lines that are more practical than Pindar's posy and Cicero's sweet but drowsy tribute to old age, it is permissible to suggest that woman should make an effort to strike out in an original line of study. Indeed, it may be said here that the modes of instruction in the schools of forty years ago were not all bad. The college youth took it upon himself to laugh at the little procession of blushing beauties who ventured timidly through the woods and across the fields (with an ever-present dread of cows and sheep, and other harmless creatures) on a botanizing tour. Yet he would have done well to drop his habit of memorizing and follow in their steps. They were acquiring, through the study of botany, a habit of observation, based upon accuracy of perception and discrimination, which would be valuable to them all through life. It is independent observation that advances science and keeps the wheel of knowledge in motion. Anybody nowadays can philosophize on the stream that issues from a tea-kettle's spout, or the apple that falls from a tree, but it was the independent, discriminative observation of Watts in one case, and Newton in the other, that made these facts of common life invaluable to mankind. True, the young woman rushing through college-doors with a copy of Euripides or Conic Sections under her arm is a most imposing sight, yet it must be owned that the dimpled little damsel returning quietly home in the soft Summer twilight, with the well-studied lichens, or cut and quartered field-flowers, in her hand, was a sight on which the eye could rest with content. There is always hope of good from the keen intellectual exercise her study had compelled.

An eminent French writer, M. Henri Taine, has recently published an article on "Lingual Development in Babyhood," drawn from his own observations of the acquisition of speech by a child brought under his notice. It was the work not of hours, but of months. Day after day the advance made is recorded, and deductions therefrom are noted. It is a little singular to find one of the first literary men of France devoting his time to a baby, but his observations will help hereafter to establish weighty points in reference to language. An American scientist calls attention to the fact that few are qualified for the task, and that, with proper qualifications, the task would more naturally belong to a woman than to a man. This is true, but it may be pertinently asked how many years of such training as the modern college for women affords would equip one for the work? The field is too vast for discussion. Unless Homer be dropped at the threshold and the baby be taken up, we fear there is little hope for keen observation, on the part of cultured mothers, of the organic laws of infantine intellectual life. Yet this grasps the living needs of society, as Plato's philosophy does not. It is but a single example, after all, yet it touches upon a theme which is, or ought to be, of interest to all womankind. It will illustrate, with all the push and vigor of babyhood, the advisability of extending, in practical directions, the scheme of the higher education for women.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 20, 1876.

Monday	112½	Thursday ... 112¾ @ 112%
Tuesday	112½	Friday ... 112½ @ 112%
Wednesday ... 112½ @ 112%		Saturday ... 112½ @ 112%

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A NOVEL SUGGESTION.—The London *Saturday Review* suggests a project for a novel society to be organized for the purpose of stocking uninhabited islands with pigs and rabbits, so that shipwrecked sailors who happen to reach them may find an abundance of food awaiting them. It also suggests that huts should be built and bailers deposited on them, just as similar conveniences are placed on the high Alps. The suggestion is a very humane and practical one, considering the numerous exigencies which are constantly arising in cases of shipwreck, and the actual cases of starvation that have occurred during the past year.

GREEK BRIBE-TAKERS.—America has not alone its Belknap cases. A trial has just taken place in Greece of the Ex-Ministers Valassopoulos and Nikolopoulos, formerly members of the Conservative Bulgarian Cabinet, under charge of having accepted bribes to a large amount from the three Archbishops of Patras, of Kephalaia and of Argos.

lis, who thereby obtained their episcopal seats. The trial has ended in the condemnation of the Ex-Minister of Justice Nikolopoulos to imprisonment for ten months; and of the Ex-Minister of Public Worship Valassopoulos to imprisonment for one year, a fine of 52,000 drachmas, and the dishonoring loss of his civic rights for three years.

A SUMMER EXHIBITION.—A meeting was held last week of gentlemen interested in the advancement of art, for the purpose of discussing the practicability of establishing a Loan Exhibition in this city during the present Summer. The idea is to endeavor to render the city attractive during the Centennial Year to persons of artistic taste, and to show the world the advancement which the metropolis of the country has made in the fine arts. The Academy of Design, although it had intended giving a Summer exhibition on its own account, has signified its readiness to make room for such a Centennial Exhibition, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art has expressed a similar sympathy with the project. Mr. August Belmont has agreed to forego his settled habit, and allow his gallery to be open on regular days to the public, and it is believed that the same course will be pursued by the owners of nearly all the leading private collections in the city.

BOWEN'S BOTTOM FACTS.—The Clerk of Plymouth Church was instructed, at the business meeting of that congregation last week, to invite the Rev. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, in this city, to be present at an interview, time and place to be specified by him, to be held between himself, Mr. Beecher and Mr. Bowen, at which he should listen to all statements to be made by them, and to be bound to secrecy, except under compulsion of a court of justice to divulge what occurred. Plymouth Church reluctantly accepted the proposition, as a matter of necessity, and accepting Mr. Bowen's suggestion that the Rev. Dr. Taylor should be invited, sent to Dr. Taylor a letter of invitation. Dr. Taylor, however, on May 12th, respectfully declined being present at the interview, stating that he could not see any good object to be gained by making him the "safe" for the expected secrets. So the matter stands where it has all along, and Mr. Bowen relapses into his attitude of sphinx-like mystery, and on May 18th was expelled from Plymouth congregation.

THE MEXICAN BORDER.—The Congressional Committee appointed last January to investigate the Texas frontier troubles recommends the passage of a joint resolution requiring the President to keep on the Rio Grande border two regiments of cavalry in addition to the garrison troops, and, whenever it is necessary, to send the troops, if in close pursuit of robbers with their booty, across the river, where they are to have power to "use such means as they may find necessary for recovering the stolen property, and checking the raids, guarding, however, in all cases, against any unnecessary injury to peaceable inhabitants of Mexico." This may at first sight seem a violent remedy, and open to the objection that we have no right to throw troops into the territory of a friendly State; but the Committee show that the right to do so for the purpose of putting down brigandage and recovering property undoubtedly exists, when the friendly power is unwilling or unable to afford redress through its own internal machinery, as is evidently the case with Mexico.

THE CHINESE BILL.—The Bill now before Congress to restrict the immigration of Chinese to the United States provides that no vessel shall take on board at any foreign port any number of Chinese passengers exceeding ten (whether male or female), with the intent to bring them to the United States; nor shall bring any greater number than ten on one voyage within the jurisdiction of the United States. The master of any vessel violating these prohibitions is to be fined \$100 for each Chinese passenger exceeding the number of ten that is so taken on board, or brought to this country, and may also be imprisoned for a period not exceeding six months. The Bill also makes it the duty of the master of every vessel arriving from any foreign port whatever to deliver to the United States customs collectors a separate sworn list of all Chinese passengers taken on board at any port, and of all such passengers then on board; and the refusal or neglect of the master to do this will subject him to the same penalties and forfeitures as are provided for neglect to deliver a manifest of cargo. In the meanwhile, some San Francisco people propose to charter clipper ships, and offer strong inducements, in the way of low fare or no fare at all, to the Chinese, male and female, to return to China. The wealthier Chinese are expected to give from \$100 to \$1,500 per person or firm towards the fund. It is claimed that there are many thousands of Chinese both in the city and State who find but little opportunity of bettering their condition, and that when this offer is made to this particular class there will be an exodus of at least 20,000 persons, male and female.

SINGULAR FALLACIES.—Among the applications for patents, at the Patent Office, in Washington, many are ridiculous in the extreme. One man applied for a patent for a method of rendering spirits visible. He said that the only reason why spirits do not make themselves visible to those they love, is that the currents and disturbances of the air annoy and bother them. In order to overcome this objection, he proposed to apply a suction-pump to a room, suck the air all out, and thus form a perfect vacuum. The spirits then, being troubled no longer, would become visible. Another asked for a patent for the generation of steam, by boring a hole down to the centre of the earth, where everything is in a red-hot or molten condition. Among the advantages claimed for this unique method is, that there will be no danger of an explosion, and no expense for fuel or engineers. A professor once gave the following question to his class, each one of the scholars to think it over and give him an answer on the following day: "Suppose a hole were bored through the centre of the earth down to China, and a cannon-ball was dropped into the hole, where would the ball finally come to rest?" Next day he asked the first boy if he had

thought about the question, and the boy replied: "I can't say that I have given much thought to the main question, but I have given a good deal to a subsidiary one. How are you going to get that hole through to China?" So in regard to this invention. It is not the expense or trouble after you have the steam, but how is the hole to be dug so deep?

THE HELL GATE BLAST.—The recent explosions of nitro-glycerine have given rise to much apprehension among Astoria residents concerning the results of the Hell Gate blast. General John Newton has described the effects that he anticipates will follow the sudden letting down of the bottom of East River. He does not expect that even a shock will be felt as far as the adjacent banks of the river. There are thirty-five feet of rock and water roofing the three-acre cavern in which the blasts are to be exploded. The blasts are intended to affect only the pillars which support the roof, and the superincumbent weight is expected to do all the rending of the roof that will be required. The safety of the surrounding neighborhood is assured by the multiplicity of the charges. A volley of musketry will disturb the air a comparatively short distance, while one-fourth the same amount of powder exploded in a cannon may be heard for miles. In the same way, five thousand blasting charges, although exploded simultaneously, are not likely to cause much disturbance on the surface. General Newton says that the blasting may prove a tame affair, after all. He rather expects, however, that the gases generated by the explosion, seeking vent through the fissures of the falling roof, will throw up innumerable jets of spray, which, in turn, will cause a high wave to roll shoreward. The force even of that, however, will be spent before it can do any damage. The very worst effect that science shows to be possible may be felt at the mouth of the shaft. Should the roof not be broken as fine as is hoped for, the descending rocks will force a stream of gas and water, not exceeding a thousand tons of the latter, out of the mouth of the shaft. Such a stream will make a clean sweep for a few hundred feet only.

THE STEINBERGER MUDDLE.—It may yet turn out that ex-Premier Steinberger, of Samoan notoriety, has been more sinned against than sinning. An "American resident" in Samoa has written a letter which has had wide publication, attributing the whole blame in the recent trouble to the unjustifiable interference of Captain Stevens, of the British man-of-war *Barracuda*, who resorted to violent measures in order to force upon the Samoans the King whom they had deposed, and to deprive them of Steinberger, whose presence they demanded. The writer says, with what truth we shall perhaps some day learn: "There never was a man in Samoa more appreciated by the Samoans than Colonel Steinberger, and there never was a people more devoted to one man." The native Government is still firm in its refusal to receive the former King, and is anxious for the return of Steinberger. At the time the *Barracuda* left, the Government was maintaining itself firmly against the discontented foreign residents, who are said to be composed solely of the British acting-consul, the British residents, many of whom were intimidated by Captain Stevens, the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, the United States consul and five Americans. The German residents, who are three times as numerous as all other foreign nationalities combined, have taken no part in the efforts of the British and American consuls, nor have the Wesleyan or Roman Catholic missionaries followed the example of their brethren of the London Society. There is said to be a strong desire on the part of the Samoan Government for recognition by the United States and Great Britain, but it does not seem that it is yet in the position where it can be recognized by the usage of this country, nor has the course of the State department given reason to expect any such result.

CABINET CHANGES.—The political world was thrown into a state of unwanted excitement on the afternoon of Monday, May 22d, by the sudden announcement of President Grant having made some unexpected changes in his Cabinet, which the Senate had with equal suddenness confirmed. In this case the President has fairly got ahead of the newspapers. Attorney-General Edwards Pierrepont has been appointed to the vacancy made by General Schenck's resignation as Minister to Great Britain, and Secretary of War Taft has been made Attorney-General, while the vacant War Bureau has been filled by the appointment of J. Donald Cameron, eldest son of Senator Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, who was himself Secretary of War in the earlier part of Lincoln's administration. There can be no objection raised as to the character of the new appointees, and the political significance of the President's action is apparently centred in the selection of Mr. Cameron. Mr. Pierrepont was born in Connecticut, fifty-nine years ago, and for many years stood among the highest in the legal profession in this city. Judge Taft was born in Vermont in 1810, but has lived since 1840 in Ohio, where he has held distinguished judicial position, and was nearly nominated for Governor by the Republicans last Fall. Mr. Cameron, known familiarly as "Don" Cameron, is about forty-eight years of age, a railroad magnate, and a shrewd business man like his father, and an influential politician. He has never held office before, but it has been rumored for several years that he had his eye on the National Cabinet. It is surmised that Mr. Cameron's appointment was made in the interest of Senator Conkling's aspirations for the Presidential nomination. Senator Cameron yields a powerful sway over the Republicans of Pennsylvania, and it may happen that the delegates of that State at Cincinnati next month, after giving their first vote to General Hartranft as a compliment, will wheel into line in support of Mr. Conkling. Governor Hartranft's popularity in Pennsylvania, though great, is scarcely powerful enough to compete with Senator Cameron's address as a politician, and the latter's support was from the first regarded as a mere blind.

PROCEEDINGS were begun by the Prussian Government for the deposition of the Archbishop of Cologne.

A PASSENGER steamboat was upset by a squall near Hong Kong, China, on the 2d of April. More than two hundred Chinese were drowned.

VICTOR HUGO advocated general amnesty in the French Senate. In England, Mr. Disraeli refused to grant amnesty to the Irish political prisoners.

HERR CAMPFAUEN, the Vice-President of the Prussian Ministry and Minister of Finance, will tender his resignation on account of differences with Prince Bismarck.

ADMIRAL WORDEN, U.S.N., sailed for Salonica. Four German war-vessels were also dispatched to the same port. Six culprits were executed in Salonica for participating in the murder of the European Consuls.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

THE Kansas Democrats declared for Mr. Hendricks.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH excommunicated Henry C. Bowen.

SENATOR BARNUM, of Connecticut, took his oath of office, May 22d.

HON. WILLIAM H. BARNUM elected United States Senator from Connecticut.

FIVE HUNDRED New York liquor-dealers arrested, May 21st, for selling liquor on Sunday.

GENERAL AUGUR authorized to use the United States forces in maintaining the peace in Louisiana.

MAYOR SCHROEDER of Brooklyn vetoed the ordinance for change of the rapid transit route in that city.

THE American Meteorological Society recommended an international conference to consider the coinage question.

THE steamer *Pat Cleburne* exploded while touching at Evansville, Ind., killing nine men and wounding several others.

THE fashionable event of the season in this city was the wedding, May 22d, of Lord Mandeville to Miss Consuelo Yznaga.

AN explosion of "giant powder" near Drakeville, N. J., May 15th, killed two men and destroyed considerable property.

THE New York City Centennial Committee took measures, May 17th, for a special celebration of the Fourth of July this year.

EDWARDS PIERREPONT confirmed as Minister to England, Judge Tait as Attorney-General, and J. Don Cameron as Secretary of War.

A MILITARY expedition under General Terry against the hostile Sioux in the Yellowstone region left Fort Lincoln, Dakota, May 17th.

THE Nevada Democratic State Convention, May 15th, pronounced Governor Tilden as its first choice for the Presidency, and Mr. Thurman its second.

A SERIOUS explosion of gas occurred in the Senate wing of the Capitol at Washington, May 19th, killing one man and severely injuring another.

THE annual election of officers of the Centennial Commission took place May 18th. General Hawley was re-elected President and Prof. J. L. Campbell, Secretary.

A REMARKABLY heavy hailstorm passed over several of the Middle States, Sunday, May 21st, followed by a tremendous rainstorm the following afternoon and evening.

MR. BLAINE was completely exonerated of connection with the Little Rock and Fort Smith bond affair, Colonel Thos. Scott having shown that the negotiation referred to passed through his hands.

IN the House of Representatives, May 22d, Doorkeeper Fitzburgh was discharged; the President was asked to protect American citizens in Turkey; a Bill to reduce the pay of the Navy was rejected.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS published a card denying the published charge that he delayed sailing for England in 1861 to arrange Federal appointments in his district, thereby arriving too late to influence the Queen's proclamation.

IN a negro riot in West Feliciana, La., May 15th, eight colored men are reported to have been shot, four hanged and about twenty wounded. Three whites were said to have been killed, and the whole district was in a blaze of excitement.

THE effort of a horseman at Fleetwood Park to ride 305 miles in fifteen hours, with thirty mustangs out of which to constantly select fresh steeds, resulted, May 18th, in a failure. The rider gave out after the 226th mile, which he made in 11 hours 27 minutes.

THREE Conventions held May 18th. The Greenback National Convention at Indianapolis nominated Peter Cooper for President, and Senator Booth, of California, for Vice-President. Both these gentlemen declined the honor. The Delaware Republicans declared for Blaine, and the Kentucky Republicans for Bristow.

THE Independent Conference issued an address to the people on Reform, and especially the need of a Reform President, but named no candidate. A Campaign Executive Committee was appointed, and Reform speeches were made by Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Parker Godwin, Mark Hopkins, Dorman B. Eaton, and others.

FOUR State Conventions were held May 17th. The New Jersey Republicans issued a Reform address, and chose an unpledged national delegation. The Ohio Democrats nominated ex-Governor Allen for President, on a paper-money, inflation, free-trade platform. The Iowa Democrats chose an unpledged delegation. The Alabama Republicans expressed a preference for Mr. Bristow.

Foreign.

PRINCE NAPOLEON elected a Deputy in Corsica.

THE Turks assembled 15,000 troops in Bulgaria.

THE Empress of Germany left England for Berlin.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar entered into a treaty abolishing slavery.

THE British House of Commons rejected a resolution condemning the extra income tax.

A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT established in Hayti, with General Boisrond Canal at its head.

THE Prince of Wales was received with splendid demonstrations in the city of London, May 19th.

COUNT ANDRASSY notified the European Powers that there was no probability of a European war.

EX-PRESIDENT THIERS declared his readiness to appear as a witness in favor of Count Von Arnim.

INTIMATIONS were given that the British Government was receding from its position in the Winslow matter.

PROCEEDINGS were begun by the Prussian Government for the deposition of the Archbishop of Cologne.

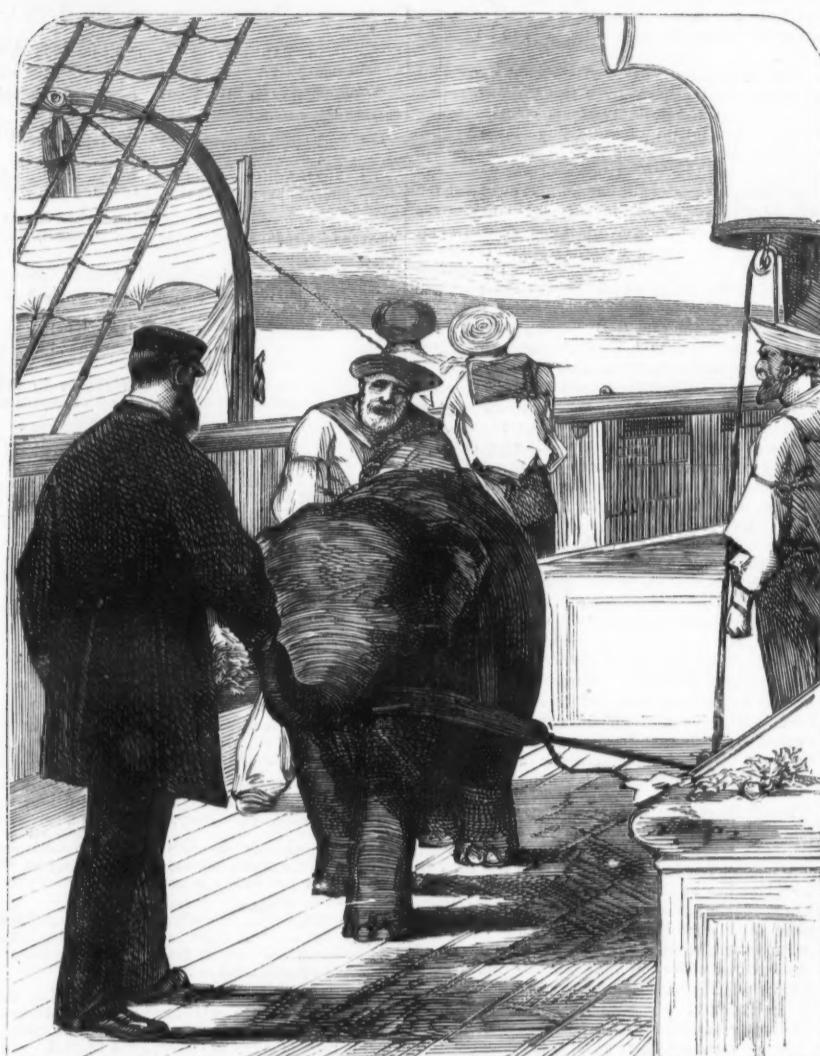
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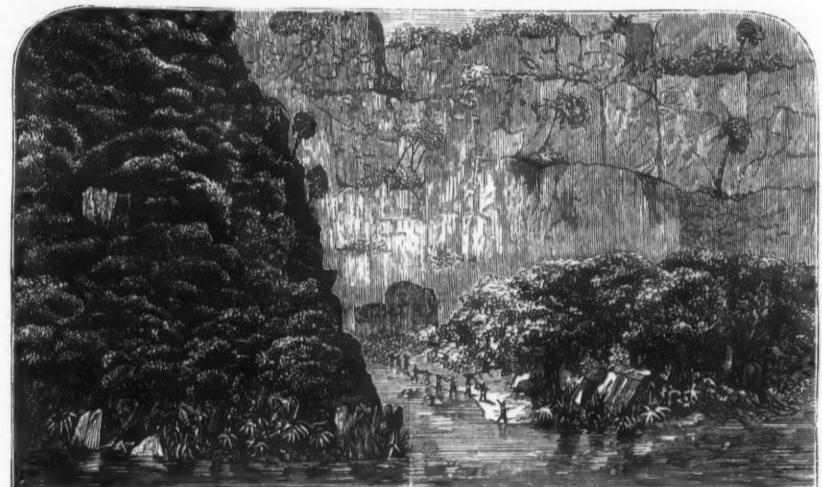
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 207.



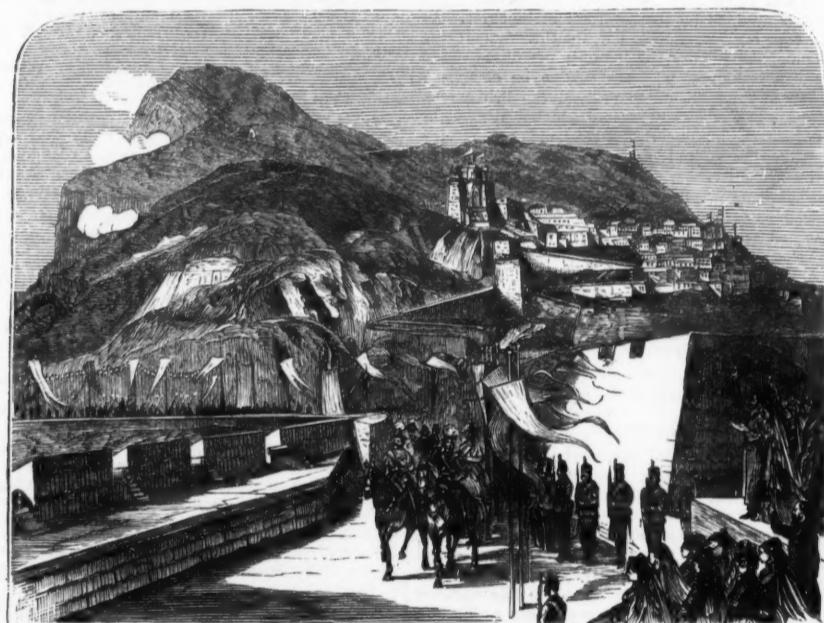
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S RETURN FROM INDIA.—UTILIZING THE BABY ELEPHANT.



ENGLAND.—GOOD FRIDAY DOLE FOR OLD WOMEN, AT WEST SMITHFIELD, LONDON.



AFRICA.—THE CAMERON EXPEDITION TRAVERSING A ROCKY GORGE NEAR MIVEHA.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S RETURN FROM INDIA.—RECEPTION AT GIBRALTAR.



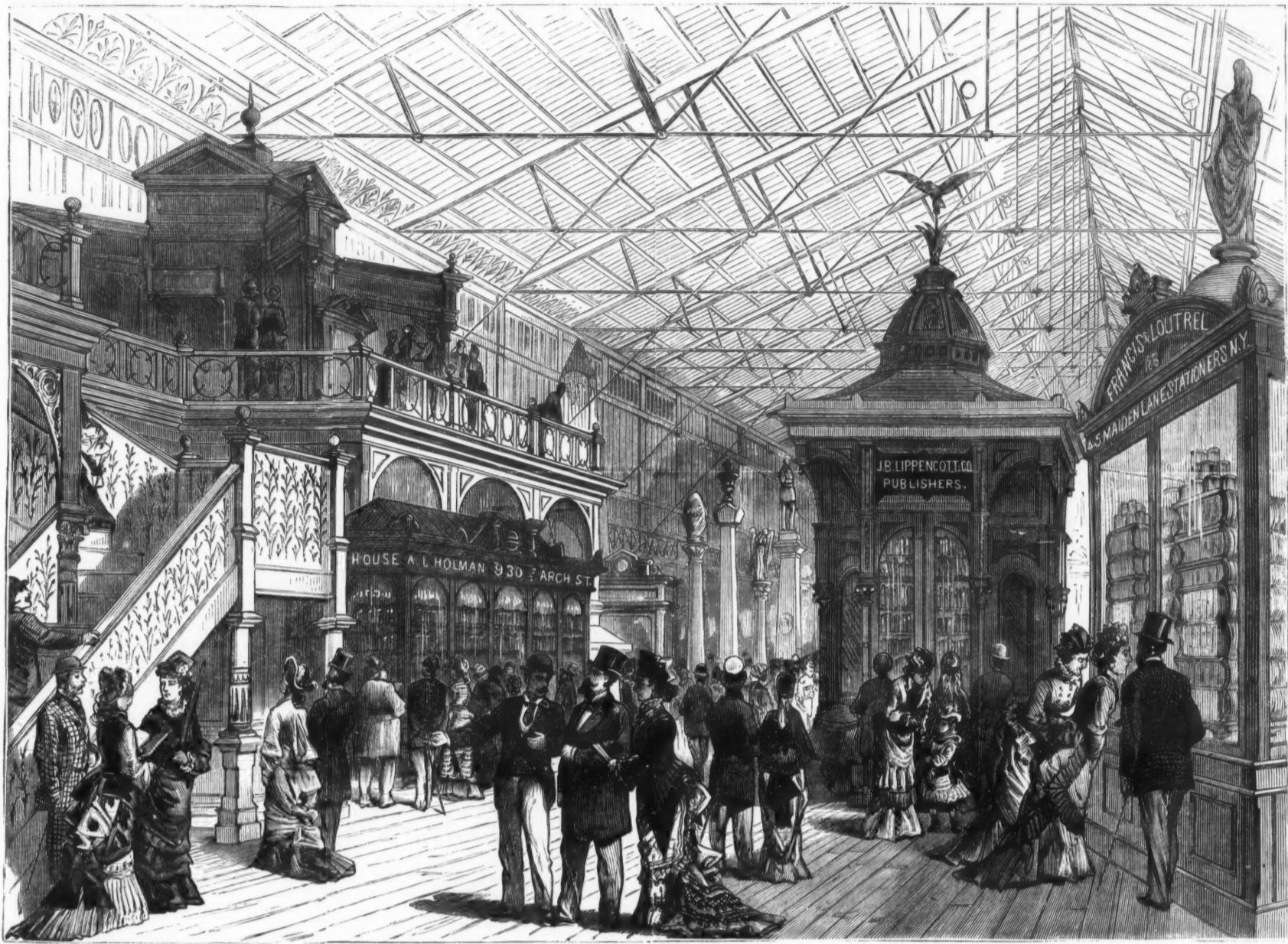
AFRICA.—THE CAMERON EXPEDITION—A DANCE AT KIWAKASONGO.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S RETURN FROM INDIA.—A BALL AT MALTA—THE HIGHLAND REEL.



AFRICA.—THE CAMERON EXPEDITION—WEDDING FESTIVAL AT KIBAIYELI.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE BOOK DEPARTMENT.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 210.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE.

A GENTLEMAN residing in Rochester, N. Y., who wishes his name withheld from the public, has made a most valuable gift to the University of Virginia, founded by Thomas Jefferson, and located near Charlottesville. This present consists of a fully appointed cabinet, illustrative of the natural sciences, including mineralogy, geology, and zoology. For the proper reception and utilization of this collection, the donor has further provided for the erection of a substantial building on the University grounds, the cost of which, including the cabinet, will be about \$50,000.

Professor Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, is charged with the collection and arrangement of the cabinet, and, as ample funds have been placed at his disposal, he contemplates a trip around the world to secure the finest and most complete assortment of specimens that can possibly be procured. He has already placed many cabinets in various American colleges and universities, and he intends that this shall outrank them all.

It is expected that both the building and the cabinet will be completed in time for the regular commencement in June, 1877.

The University of Virginia was chartered in 1819 as a State institution, and Mr. Jefferson was the first rector. It embraces, practically, fourteen schools, and previous to the war had an average attendance of from 500 to 600 students. The founder designed it to be an institution where every branch of knowledge—whether calculated to enrich, stimulate and adorn the understanding, or to be useful in its application to the arts and practical business pursuits of life—should be taught. At this day, for the promotion of a high standard of collegiate attainment in the State, in the creation of colleges and high schools, in the elevation of the standard of attainments in the legal and medical professions, the University of Virginia deserves much credit. It has given about 175 professors to the colleges and universities of Virginia, and the South and West; has had 15,071 matriculations, and has graduated nearly 3,000 persons, of whom 510 were Doctors of Medicine, 447 Bachelors of Law, 13 Civil Engineers, and 13 Bachelors of Sci-

ence. Degrees of Master of Arts were granted to 168 graduates, of Bachelor of Arts to 45, and of Bachelor of Letters to five.

Since the close of the war the attendance of students has been between 400 and 500. There have also been established a Chair of Mathematics applied to civil and mining engineering, a Chair of Analytical and Industrial Chemistry, and a Chair of Natural History and Agriculture. Although the usual resources of the University have been sadly crippled during the past sixteen years, the friends of the institution have secured for it a thoroughly equipped Laboratory of Practical Chemistry, a Museum of Industrial Chemistry, a Department of Engineering with ample models, a Museum of Natural History, and a Station for Agricultural Instruction and Experiments.

A fixed portion of the salaries of the professors is paid by the State, and this system has sustained the institution in times of great misfortune, so that it is now in a most flourishing condition. The semi-

centennial of the University was celebrated on the 30th of June, 1875, and formed an epoch in its history, for never before had there been such a large gathering of graduates and patrons.

Egyptian Bargainers.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Cairo says: "It is in amusing inconsistency with these Oriental customs of buying and selling that one sometimes meets with an ingenious method by which the trader who makes his successive abatements saves at the same time his pride. A friend who was in search of antique coins, scarabaei, and the like, found in the possession of a shrewd Moslem a collection from which about half a dozen articles of different value were selected. The price demanded for them was sixty dollars, and the sum offered was exactly half that amount. Then en-

sued a scene in which wrangling, shuffling—every thing, in fact, short of downright blows—formed a part. We were accompanied by a friend of the dealer's, who acted as interpreter, and who incontinently seized the desired articles, and laying down thirty dollars, started to walk off with them. At once the dealer closed with him, and the two wrestled for their possession with a vehemence of speech and gesture which threatened a more violent contention. It was all purely dramatic. Suddenly the dealer ceased his struggles, placed a certain number of the coins and scarabaei in the hand of our attendant, and said, 'These for thirty dollars'; and then, pausing a moment, added with a reproachful air, as he surrendered the rest, 'These a present.'

"There is one aspect of buying and selling in Egypt which is not without an element of pathos. It is a country in which everything is for sale. The rich are so very few, and the desperately poor are so many, that it rarely happens that you see anything that cannot be bought. Passing a bazaar, you see a woman 'grinding at a mill,' the very same mill which is referred to in the New Testament, consisting of two stones, of which the upper turns upon that beneath, and at which the woman sits wearily turning, as one may see represented in sculptures six thousand years old. Unconscious of observation, she has dropped her veil, and her face is exposed. It is a face (I am describing what I happened to see) full of intelligence, vivacity, I had almost said of refinement, and yet it is disfigured by a nose-ring suspended from one nostril, but so balanced as to seem to hang from both. On the ring, which is nearly two inches in diameter, and of gold, are suspended one or two little gold balls and a few coins. It is probably the whole sum of her worldly wealth, for as you look about you, you perceive that her surroundings are those of utter squalor and extreme poverty. Possibly it was her dowry, and not improbably it is an hereditary treasure, the one single ornament which her mother wore, and which may have been passed on from generation to generation with increasing reverence and care; but she will sell it—or, rather, she must sell it; for although she refuses your offer at first, her necessities constrain her to accept it in the end, and as you felicitate yourself upon having



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA AT CHARLOTTESVILLE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. G. R. FRAYSER.

secured an ornament at once curious and really valuable, you will be very insensible if your elation is not a little qualified by the reflection that you may have stripped another of the last relics of personal adornment as well as the last memento of ancestral prosperity."

SPRING IS COMING.

BY the bursting of the leaves,
By the lengthening of the eves—
Spring is coming.
By the flowers that scent the air,
By the skies more blue and fair,
By the singing everywhere—
Spring is coming.
All the woods and fields rejoice—
Spring is coming.
Only here and there a voice—
Here of buds the worm has worn,
Here of birds whose nest is torn;
There of those whose life is pent
Far from pleasant sight and scent—
Wails, as if their life's distress
Won a new, wild bitterness—
Spring is coming.

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD OF BENEDIKE," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—FACE TO FACE.

FOR a moment there was dead silence in the cottage-parlor. Then Hetty sprang up from the piano, and ran to her husband.

"What is it, Cyril?" she cried out, struck by something passing strange in his face. "What has happened?"

He crushed the letter quickly in his hand. He looked staggered, ghastly; but he rallied, with a faint, forced smile.

"I must run down to the inn a few moments, love; that is all. There is a person there whom I must see to-night. Business, you know. You won't mind, of course?"

His voice seemed strange even to himself.

Hetty glanced at him with wondering eyes.

"Cannot you wait till morning?"

"Impossible. Best have it over at once. I won't be long."

He did not look either at his wife or Miss Prue. Good heaven! how the whole room had changed in a moment! He stepped out into the hall, and took down his hat and coat. Hetty followed, in an uneasy, uncomprehending way.

"Is it something very important, Cyril?"

"Great God! yes!—that is, I'll tell you some other time, pet. Perhaps you had better not wait up for me."

"Oh, I must—I must!" she protested, greatly distressed by the suggestion. "What can it be, Cyril?—but no! I will not ask you now. I will be patient. How strange you look! Why, you are quite pale!"

"Nonsense!"

She put up her babyish mouth—he kissed her absently, then opened the door and dashed out into the night.

It was dark, and the wind was shrieking up and down the sandy street. Cyril Hazelwood stopped for a moment to collect himself. He felt like a dazed man. So Nemesis had found him out. Ruth Carew in America—Ruth Carew at Sea View, and ignorant of his marriage?

"Good heaven!" he muttered; "what can it mean?—what the deuce has brought her here? I'd rather be shot than face her. There'll be no end of a row." But face her he must—he knew that well enough—this false lover. He pulled his hat over his eyes, and started for the inn. "The sooner I have it out with her the better," he thought, doggedly. "What a cowardly fool I have been! I ought to have written and told her weeks ago!"

The street was deserted. He hurried along it with desperate strides, and came to the inn—a big, weatherbeaten house, with a door which always stood, when weather would permit, hospitably open. In the barroom people were laughing and talking in loud New England fashion. Hazelwood stepped into the hall, and hailed a passing waiter.

"Is there a lady here named Carew?" he asked, vaguely hoping that the fellow might answer no, and so convince him on the spot that he was laboring under some abominable delusion.

"Yes, sir; she came on the train to-night."

"Where is she?"

"Yonder, in the parlor, sir."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

Some wild hope had seized him that his aunt, Miss Hazelwood, might be with her—that, for some unknown reason, the two were seeking him in company. The waiter's answer, however, dispelled the thought. With a hangdog air Hazelwood followed the man to the door of the parlor, saw him throw it open, braced himself for what was to follow, and went in.

It was a dreary room, with well-worn carpet and battered furniture, and a gleam of sickly lamp-light over all. In the grate a fire had been kindled to burn away the chill of the night, and before it, in a low armchair, a woman was sitting, with her head resting somewhat dejectedly upon her hand. At sound of the opening door she sprang to her feet—she flew towards him.

"Cyril! Cyril! Cyril!"

The next moment her arms were around him, her head on his breast, her lips to his.

Did he return her caresses? In the mad joy, the overwhelming rapture of this meeting, Ruth Carew did not know. The first thing of which she was conscious was that he was leading her to the hearth, his face pale and strange; that he stood there in the light of the fire gazing at her in a very odd way.

"Again!" she cried from the depths of her full heart; "do I see you again, Cyril, after five long years?"

He had her hand in his—he wrung it mercifully.

"Five years!" he gasped; "yes, it is five years this very night since I parted with you at Hazel Hall. In God's name, Ruth, how came you here?"

This was but the outbreak of a natural surprise. She put her other hand over the one he held.

"Patience! I will tell you all—ah, there is so much to tell! Look at me, Cyril—look at me; I have changed much in these cruel years!"

He did look at her, deliberately, critically. He saw the rich figure, with its warm, sumptuous curves, the face like an Eastern sultana's, the black, languishing eyes, like softest velvet, the creamy skin, the lustrous, blue-black hair—all the same—nay, all, if possible, lovelier than ever. There were no traces in that face of the fatigue of travel or the wasting anguish of hope deferred. Time and trouble deal gently with such positive beauty as Ruth Carew's. She had put on a dress of lustreless black, its lace ruffle fastened by a brooch which he had given her in the old days—her superb throat and hands showing marble-white against its sombre hue. There she stood in that old Massachusetts inn—the woman he had sworn to love till his dying day—from whom in that far-off Kentish manor-house he had parted with bitter tears and regret.

"Yes, you have changed, Ruth," he said, slowly; "you have grown lovelier than ever. My aunt—how—where is she? When I received your note, I fancied for a moment that she might be with you."

The splendid face which had glowed at the tribute of his admiration grew grave. She lifted her eyes sadly to his own. Ah, how passionately she loved him, and how plainly that love was written on her face!

"Cyril," she said, "prepare yourself for bad news. Miss Hazelwood did not come with me—she is dead!"

He stepped back involuntarily.

"Dead! My aunt—when—where? Good God? Do you mean it, Ruth?"

"She died of fever at Hazel Hall a few days before I left England. I followed her to the grave in Hazelcroft church; and then, as I was forbidden by her will to remain longer than twenty-four hours at the Hall, I left it for Liverpool."

Cyril Hazelwood turned a shade paler.

"And do you call this bad news?" he cried—"her death? You know I have been waiting for it for years. You have something else in reserve for me. Her will—what of her will? Has she left the Hall—"

He could not ask the question. He grasped Ruth Carew's arm in violent agitation. All the hopes and fears of his five years of exile crowded into his speech and choked it.

"Cyril!" cried Ruth Carew. "Oh, my dearest! She has left the Hall to another—a stranger—a Guy Hazelwood, somewhere in the Australian wilds—the Hall and everything else which she possessed. Her bequest to you is exactly one shilling and sixpence. She could not forgive us—she would not pity us. Oh, I could curse her in her grave when I think of it!"

It was a bitter blow—all the more bitter because of the certainty with which he had always calculated upon Miss Hazelwood's ultimate forgiveness. He staggered back.

"The Hall gone?" he groaned. "Everything gone? Oh, impossible! She could not do it!" Passionate pain and tenderness overswept Miss Carew's face. With an eloquent gesture she held out to him her hands.

"It is true, Cyril—you are disinherited. Why do you look at me so? How strange and cold you are! Cannot you guess why I am here—why I have journeyed all this weary way to you? For the first time I feel ashamed—afraid! Have I done well? You alone must judge. For my sake, Cyril, you were driven from the Hall—exiled from England. God only knows what I have suffered in these five years! Oh, make haste to understand me. Because of me you have lost everything—your love for me has cost you dear, indeed. I am not ungrateful. I come to offer you the only consolation which is in my power—the thing for which you have dared and sacrificed so much—take it, Cyril—if, indeed, you value it as of old—take it my love, my love—it is myself!"

Her hot, shamed face went down into her hands. She was a proud woman, and it was not easy for her to say these words. Cyril Hazelwood neither stirred nor spoke. Speechless and aghast, he stood staring at her as if she had been a Medusa.

"Ruth!" he gasped, at last. "Good heaven! It can't be! Was ever a man in such a beastly fix as this? I'm awfully sorry; but I never dreamed of such a thing, you know. I may as well own it at once—I have been married these five weeks!"

There was a moment of awful silence in the room. Her hands dropped from her face—she lifted her head and looked at him—looked at him as he stood, cringing, confused, remorseful, miserable, with the truth of his astounding statement written on every line of his false face. Her black eyes dilated wildly, even her lips grew bloodless. She seemed vainly trying to comprehend the full meaning of his words. Then she dung up her arms.

"Married!" she shrieked. "Married! Oh, God! pity me!" and fell, a voiceless, senseless heap to the floor.

He sprang to her—lifted her up. His face was as white as her own. He seized a glass of water from the table and dashed it upon her. He chafed her cold hands—on one of which his ring still shone. A vague pain stirred in his heart. What was it? A man's regret for something irrevocably lost? She lay helpless on his arm, her long lashes fallen, her cheek like marble. How beautiful she was, and how abominably he had treated her! Presently a groan escaped her lips. She moved, opened her great, woful eyes, then sprang up, pushing him from her, but reeled again and fell into the nearest chair.

"Don't touch me!" she cried; "don't come near me. I want to hear you say those words again."

He dug his heel sullenly into the threadbare carpet.

"I am married. Where's the use of a scene,

Ruth? It can't be helped now." Her eyes seemed to burn him like coals.

"And your wife?" she gasped, in a strange, choked voice; "where is she?"

"At her own home—the parsonage."

A shiver went over her, and—a sudden enlightenment.

"Then it was that person where you boarded—the daughter of the preacher? You mentioned her in your last letter to me."

"Yes, yes. Don't stare at me in that way. I couldn't help it, Ruth—by heaven, I couldn't! I was always fickle, unstable fellow—it's part of my Hazelwood blood. When I came here I had no idea of such a thing. But I saw her, and she was so lovely, so lovable, that I confess I was hard hit at once. Small chance had I of ever seeing you again—of ever returning to England. I couldn't in reason keep you waiting, or wait myself, for ever. Still, it never would have happened in this sudden way but for the old fellow's death—the parson's, I mean. He was drowned one day in a squall, and Hetty was left alone. Could you see her as I saw her then, Ruth—such a babyish darling, so young, you know, and in such sorrow, you never would blame me!"

All this he rattled off glibly, taking care, however, to keep his eyes turned from the woman who sat before him so ghastly white, clutching with fierce hands the arm of her chair.

"Don't praise her to me!" she cried out, wildly; "don't, on your peril, praise her to me!"

"Oh, come, now," said Hazelwood, soothingly, "where's the use of going on in this way, Ruth? I own it was not the fair thing to do—I ought to have told you—and I meant to in good time—you know my lazy, dilatory ways. You must not be hard on Hetty—she knew nothing about you—does not know, even now! I swear, Ruth, I am more sorry than you can think. I wouldn't have had things happen in this way for worlds. It's a thousand times worse than the loss of Hazel Hall, and all that."

She answered not a word.

"It's awkward business," stammered Hazelwood, "your coming here; but nobody need know your errand. Come, you are young, Ruth—life is all before you, and a false, weak fellow like me is hardly worth grieving over. Forgive me, in heaven's name, and tell me how I can help you."

"I am past help, I think," she answered.

"Don't mock me with talk like this. Go, leave me. I must have time to think."

His heart melted at the sight of her pallor and despatch.

"What will you do—where will you go, Ruth?"

"I cannot tell to-night."

"I feel like a villain—curse me, Ruth—I deserve it."

"No; I cannot do that. Leave me, I say! I shall die if you stay here longer."

He knelt humbly, and carried her hand to his lips. She did not repulse him—did not seem to feel the caress. She only cried out again, fiercely and desperately:

"Leave me!"

"I will—since you wish it," he groaned. "You will, of course, stay here till morning. Good-night, Ruth—try to forgive me!"

She made no answer—her white face was dragged aside. She sat like a stone, tasting the bitter reward of her long devotion and love. Hazelwood walked out of the inn-parlor, and closed the door softly after him.

The wind was still sweeping up and down the street as he stepped out again into the night. It sounded like a jeering, mocking human voice.

What had he gained by his fierce, fleeting passion for Ruth Carew? His birthright was lost—he would never be master of Hazel Hall now—Hetty, in her rosebud beauty, would never reign mistress of that dear old Kentish manor-house. And, after all, fickle wretch that he was, the woman for whom the sacrifice was made had voluntarily rejected and flung over.

Through the dark windy night he hastened towards the parsonage, thinking his own dubious thoughts. His unstable nature was wavering betwixt pity for Ruth Carew and the fondness which he felt, or thought he felt, for his beautiful young bride.

"Faith!" he muttered; "whoever would have

dreamed of a girl like that traveling three thousand miles across seas to marry me? It's incredible.

All things considered, she accepted the situation tolerably well—I expected no end of a row. Deuce take the luck! That sort of woman is apt to be dangerous on provocation. She might make serious trouble for me here, if she liked."

He lifted the parsonage-latch, and went up the walk. The moment his step sounded on the beach-stones the cottage-door flew open, and Hetty's fair young face appeared in its glory of flaxen hair.

"Oh, I am so glad you are come!" she said, with a sigh of relief; "I began to be frightened, Cyril. It is so late—almost midnight!"

He followed her into the little parlor, where plenty of warmth and light had been kept for his return. Miss Prue still sat in the chimney-nook. From under her gray eyebrows she gazed out at Cyril as he entered, in a wise, observant way.

"How pale you look—how worried!" cried Hetty, anxiously. "Did you see the person who sent for you, Cyril?"

"Yes," he answered, averting his eyes.

"A gentleman, I suppose?"

"No, a lady. I knew her long ago in England;

she was, in fact, my aunt Hazelwood's paid companion.

Business of some kind has brought her to America.

She was good enough to come thus far out of her way that she might bring me news of my aunt.

Bad news, Hetty! She is dead, and—the fortune which should be mine has gone to another. I am disinherited."

"Oh, Cyril!" the young wife sprang into his arms, and laid her soft cheek against his.

"How hard—how cruel of her! Don't mind, don't!"

Are we not rich enough as it is? What do we want of money? I have you, and you have me—"

He pushed her petulantly aside.

"I was born and bred an English gentleman,

Hetty, and the prospective heir to a grand estate

—you can't understand how I feel."

She looked deeply hurt.

"No, I suppose not. Forgive me; I am very, very sorry. Can I help you bear it, Cyril? Why did she treat you so?"

fanned in at the open windows; but it might have been Stygian darkness for all that Ruth Carew saw. She sat toying a while with her fork and spoon, then arose and went back to her chamber.

She sat down by her window, and stared blankly out into the morning. She had Cyril Hazelwood's portrait in her hand. The false face beamed with its old-time smile—mocked her with its sensuous beauty. She held but did not look at it. Her black, woful eyes were turned outward towards the sea, and fixed on vacancy.

Hour after hour passed. Miss Carew dined as she had breakfasted—at a late hour and with a poor appetite. The sun dipped westward. Four o'clock struck from the church-tower—the sound seemed to arouse Miss Carew. She went to the wardrobe and dressed herself quickly in her long gray cloak and a gray hat ornamented with the mottled breast of a bird. She drew on a pair of gray gloves, took up a sunshade of the same hue, and prepared to go out.

Her boxes she had left in Boston. Her sole possessions at the inn were a traveling-bag and a bundle of wraps in a strap—these she did not touch. The key of her door she placed in the lock.

She descended the stair and gained the street, meeting no one on the way. A desperate purpose filled her heart. She hurried on, looking not to the right hand nor the left, till of a sudden she found herself at the gate of a brown cottage, overrun with hardy vines—in short, the parsonage,

Its rows of box and pinks, its beds of marigolds and phlox, stood pertly up in the sun. The creepers about the porch swayed in the wind, and in their shadow sat Hetty Hazelwood, rocking back and forth in a low sewing-chair, and singing to herself like some happy child as she worked.

Ruth Carew stopped in the pleasant street and looked at her. A fairer picture eyes never beheld. Her face was turned partly away; the shadows flickered on her rose-leaf skin and yellow hair. All youth and dimpled loveliness, Cyril Hazelwood's wife sat in the pleasant sun, and sang from the depths of her blissful content, unconscious of the eyes that watched her—of the darkness already creeping up the horizon of her life.

"Oh, but if I could kill her, as she sits there, thinking of him!" hissed Ruth Carew, through her set teeth.

Rooted to the spot, she stood and watched this, her happy rival—the girl who had utterly robbed and desolated her life.

Perhaps Hetty felt, if she did not see, the hatred of that terrible gaze. At any rate she ceased singing, looked up suddenly, and espied the gray woman at the gate. She arose from her low chair and stepped down into the walk.

"Will you come in?" she said; "can I be of any service to you, madame?"

That brought Miss Carew to her senses. She lowered her veil.

"No—thanks!" she muttered, and moved hurriedly away.

Hetty Hazelwood leaned over the gate, and looked at her with dilating eyes. Was that the face which she had seen at the parsonage-window on the previous night? She was frightened and perplexed. Her heart beat wildly. Shading her eyes with her hand, she gazed after the gray figure till, in turning a corner of the street, it disappeared from sight.

Whither was she going? Ruth Carew herself did not know nor care.

She soon left the town and pier behind her. Her feet began to sink in sand, thinly grown with whortleberry and wild rhododendron. She found herself upon a rocky beach, strewn with jelly-fish, driftwood and bunches of seaweed.

It was an unspeakably lonely spot. An old hulk, half buried in the sand, was its central figure. The tide was out. On one hand lay the sea, on the other were dreary sand-dunes, dotted with clumps of poverty-grass. A hut of refuge, erected by some humane society, had been blown to the ground in recent northeaster, and lay, a mournful heap on the sands. She was utterly alone, except for a few beach birds fluttering about the barren dunes. Picking her way through the salt pools, Ruth Carew walked straight out towards a reef, submerged completely at high tide, but now standing black and bare in the sun. She climbed its side, and seated herself in a natural recess of the rock, with her face towards the sea.

A single vessel was in sight, standing along, gunwale under, within half a mile of shore. Miss Carew did not see it. But for the flutter of her cloak she might have been a figure in stone. One gray-gloved hand held her parasol braced in a cleft of the rock, the other hung motionless at her side. She was fighting a fierce battle with Apollyon—fighting, indeed, but losing ground every moment.

The tide began to creep in. Faster and faster it came, lower and lower sank the sun. The gentle ripple swelled to rough white waves. They broke at Miss Carew's feet, and running into the little hollows and fissures, spread themselves betwixt her and the line of drift which marked the beach. She did not stir. The white spray drenched the hem of her cloak—then her hand. The water covered her feet, crept slowly towards her knees. Still she sat motionless. Apollyon had triumphed. Desperate and despairing, she meant to die.

The roar of the surf filled her ears; the twilight fell darkly. Waist-deep in water, she heard of a sudden human cry:

"Ruth! Ruth!"

It was a man's voice, wafted towards her from the beach. Another moment, and it rang across the tide again.

"Climb higher!" it said; "for God's sake, climb higher!"

Over her head the rock thrust three feet, at least, of scars and fissures into the air. She might cling to that and find safety till help could reach her. Would she do it? Safety was not the thing she sought.

"Ruth! Ruth! Ruth!"

So long as life remained to her she could not hear that voice unmoved. She raised her desperate eyes, and saw a boat making swiftly towards the reef—saw a face, the waving of a hand. Then an enormous wave tore up the rock, and broke in clouds of shattering spray.

Ruth Carew was swept from her seat, and buried in the waves.

She was borne outwards with the recoil of the tide, and tossed back again on the next wave. Leaning over his boat's side, Cyril Hazelwood clutched her by her gray cloak, and dragged her across the gunwale. She had not lost consciousness—she knew only too well the face that bent over her own.

"Why did you not let me drown?" she gasped, at last, with her mouth full of sea-water.

For the first time in all his life, perhaps, Cyril Hazelwood's handsome, careless face grew tragic.

"So you went out to the reef for that?" he cried.

"Yes!"

"Ruth, Ruth, are you mad? Thank God, I saw you from the beach!"

"Forbear to give thanks as yet," she answered, with a laugh that was like a cry. "I have an inward conviction that it would be better for you and for me if I should die to-night."

"Take your hand off that gunwale, Ruth. Why do you talk—why do you act—like this? Do you wish to break my heart?"

"Your heart?" she echoed, wildly. "Hearts yours do not break. Cyril, how could you! how could you!"

He quivered visibly at this outbreak.

"I told you last night how it happened, Ruth. I have nothing more to say. I am a scoundrel, and you cannot hate me more than I hate myself. Why did you not come to me, if you were coming, three—four—five months ago, before I ever saw this place—while I was in New York? Why did not Aunt Hazelwood die, as she ought to have done, years ago? If she can look from the other world to-night, how happy she must be to see the muddle she has made here."

Dripping from head to foot, her face like ashes, her eyes blazing, Ruth Carew looked at him. "I saw her to-day, Cyril!" she said, with a great effort—"your bride. She is as pretty as a Dresden china shepherdess. Answer me one question—answer me truly—do you love her?"

He cast his blue eyes sullenly down.

"That's a rather a curious query, isn't it? Yes, I love her—otherwise, should I have acted as I did?"

Ruth Carew's face grew whiter yet. The boat had reached the beach. Hazelwood put into a landing-place where other dories were moored. As the keel grated on the pebbles, a woman who was hurrying along the lonely sands in the twilight, stopped quickly, and stared at the pair as they stepped ashore. The ruin of the refuge-hut was near—she slipped noiselessly behind it, and crouched down among its débris.

"You love her!" hissed Ruth Carew, through her teeth; "better, no doubt, than you ever loved me, Cyril? I know the power which these women sometimes acquire over men."

He ground his heel into the shingle.

"I am very fond of Hetty," he answered, moodily.

"And for her sake you have settled down to life in this Yankee village. In spite of your birth and breeding, you will in time, perhaps, turn fisherman, like its other inhabitants. What a fate for a Hazelwood! Now listen to me. In six months you will be unutterably tired of your new toy. Wait till that babyish bloom fades—till that artless ignorance begins to pall. It will pay me, I think, to live and see that day! You have forced me back to life in spite of myself to-night—you must abide by the consequences. Don't think that I feel grateful to you; far from it. From this hour I will be the serpent in your Eden; from this hour I will strive with all my strength, Cyril Hazelwood, to turn the heaven you have made with that pretty fool into hell!"

"Ruth, Ruth!"

"Stand back; don't touch me! I mean it—I will do it."

His face grew as colorless as her own.

"You are talking at random. You are ill, Ruth—you are mad! Hetty has never harmed you in the least; she knows nothing about you. Come quickly with me—we shall be seen here. There's a cottage up the beach where you can find dry clothing. I know the people well. It is easy to call this matter an accident—you, a stranger, cannot be supposed to know the dangers of the coast—then I will take you back to the inn."

She looked away from him into the darkness.

"I warn you, Cyril, it would have been infinitely better for us both if I had died here to-night."

"Hush! hush! Come with me." That blue-eyed doll at the cottage may be waiting for you."

"Will you come? It is fast growing dark."

She turned and walked away with him up the beach. The woman behind the ruined hut arose to her feet, and stared after their receding figures with astonished eyes. It was Miss Prudence Doane, on her way home from a neighborly call at the lighthouse. She had seen the boat as it drew towards the land, had heard the conversation on the shore, and over her now rushed a great terror and amaze. This was the woman, then, whom Hazelwood had visited at the inn—the friend who had brought him news of his aunt's death. But what did her dripping plait, her strange words, her wild threats, mean? Miss Prue wrung her hands suddenly.

"Hetty! Hetty!" she cried aloud; "my poor darling! my poor darling!"

The two figures disappeared; the dark night fell. Miss Prue picked up her scattered wits at last, and started for the town.

When she reached the parsonage the lamps were lighted, and she found Hetty sitting alone by the parlor-fire, her hands clasped about her knees, an unwanted sadness on her wild-rose face. At sound of the opening door she looked up.

"Is Cyril with you?" she cried, glancing wistfully over Miss Prue's shoulder.

"No," said Miss Prue.

"Where can he be? It is past our usual tea-hour. Have you seen him anywhere?"

Miss Prue was not a good dissembler, but the case was urgent.

"Where should I see him? I've been over to the light. He's off boating, most likely."

"Oh, Aunt Prue," sighed Hetty, "I am so sorry for him! He has not been himself at all to-day; he feels the loss of that fortune so much. How cruel of his aunt to leave it away from him, her rightful heir! Not that I mind—oh no! I love him all the more for being poor; but it is a great disappointment for him."

"People that wait for dead men's shoes often go unshod," said Miss Prue, grimly, as she took off her bonnet and shawl. "It will do him good, I dare say, to work like other men. Don't pity him too much. You know I never expected yours would be a lucky marriage, Hetty; but I sha'n't nag you about that any more. You weren't so much to blame as was Cyril. Blow hot, blow cold, that's the way with a man's love. Well, whatever happens, Hetty, you can rely on me."

She snatched the girl suddenly in her bony arms, and kissed her. Hetty's soft eyes opened wide. She stared, then laughed.

"What can happen to me while I have Cyril, Aunt Prue? There's no fear of his love ever growing cold; you know how fond he is of me. Oh, I wish he would come—I wish he would come!"

She ran to the window, and flattened her pretty face against the pane.

Miss Prue answered never a word. The tea was made; the table was spread. The two women waited silently, anxiously. It was nine o'clock before Hazelwood's familiar step sounded on the garden-walk. He entered—haggard, pale, out of sorts.

"Oh, Cyril!" cried Hetty, rushing to meet him, "where have you been?"

He avoided the gaze of her loving, anxious eyes; a circumstance which Miss Prue did not fail to notice.

"Been? Why, wandering with the fishermen about the town, love. It is high time I began to turn my attention seriously towards the trade, you know. Waiting tea for me? I am sorry, for I haven't a vestige of appetite."

"Cyril," murmured Hetty, clinging to his arm, "do you feel so very, very bad about—"

"What?"

"The loss of Hazel Hall?"

"Oh! No—that is, of course. But let it pass. It will do no good to weep for spilled milk. Pour me a cup of tea, there's a darling."

She made haste to serve him, while Miss Prue looked on in grim silence.

"The arrant hypocrite!" the latter was saying to herself; "the false liar! There's trouble coming to Hetty—God help her! There's black trouble coming!"

Should she fill the girl's ears with suspicions against her husband? Never. Let her be happy while she could.

"As for myself," thought Miss Prue, "I will watch and wait!"

(To be continued.)

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—CAR-LOADS of exhibits continue to arrive, at an average of about forty a day.

—GOVERNOR TILDEN will give a reception in the New York State Building on the Fourth of July.

—THE Philadelphia Common Council has passed an ordinance appropriating \$60,000 to the Mayor to cover the Centennial "incidents" of the mayoralty.

—MR. KIMBALL, Commissioner from New York, thinks the gate keeper who can't count two quarters as quick as he can say "scat" ought to skip down and out.

—GOVERNOR BROWN of Tennessee, now at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, will shortly address an exhibition audience in that city on the resources of his State.

—A STATION-HOUSE has been erected on the grounds, a committing magistrate holding court there. In connection with it is a lock-up for the temporary detention of criminals.

—SEXTON, the billiardist, playing in the Centennial Billiard Congress, on Wednesday May 17th, made a run of 251, the highest ever made in the world before a single spurt being 212.

—THE *Trois Frères* Restaurant is "catching it" from all the correspondents for their high prices. Two dollars for a roast chicken and a dollar and a half for a bottle of claret is pretty "steep."

—In the Post Office Department of the United States Building is an envelope machine which receives sheets of blank paper on one side and turns them out on the other complete and stamped envelopes.

—MAYOR STOKLEY is a terror to the gamblers. He is a shrewd and a secret one, who can pull a card out of a faro-box, whirl a roulette-ball, or turn the keno-globe more than a night or two in Philadelphia.

—SEVERAL hundred Italians of the principal cities in Italy have organized for an excursion to the Centennial, and are expected to arrive there on the 3d of June. After doing the exhibition, they will make a tour of the States.

—THE views of the opening of the exhibition as published in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER last week are very highly commended by the Loudon Graphic artists in Philadelphia. "To be praised by the prais'd is prais'd."

—THE headquarters of the press have been established within Judges' Hall, where a number of commodious rooms have been neatly furnished by the Commission, expressly for all properly authorized reporters and correspondents.

—MONSIEUR BARTHOLDI, the originator of the Bartholdi Fountain, which occupies the most conspicuous place in the exhibition grounds, arrived at Philadelphia on Wednesday in the French steamer, *L'Amérique*, in company with the French judges of awards.

—THE Commission has appointed a committee of three to confer with the Foreign Commissioners accredited to the exhibition with regard to a general system of coinage and money unit plan, to be recommended for adoption by all the governments of the world.

—THE Chestnut Street Theatre, after languishing for a year because the people of Philadelphia were not educated up to the New York style of putting first-class comedies on the stage, is now drawing large houses, when the foreign visitors to the Centennial have arrived.

—THE Centennial international billiard tournament began on the 15th inst., at Horticultural Hall, on Broad Street. But one billiardist of the first water, Vigneaux, is absent. (Sexton, Daly, Slosson, Bessunger, Rudolphi, the Dions, Garnier, Foster and Shaw are there in their glory. Forty-five games are to be played, allowing each contestant to measure his skill with each of his competitors.

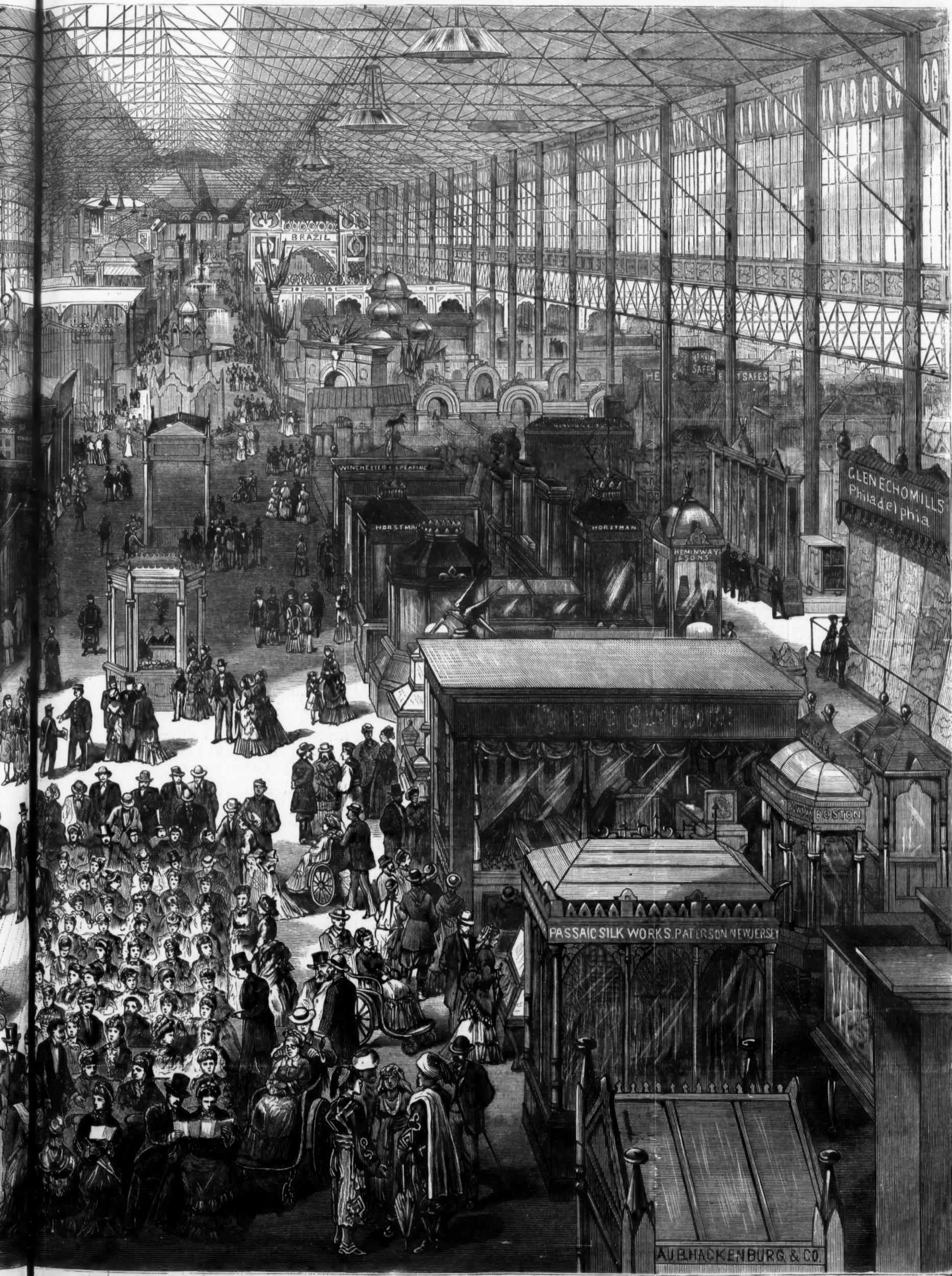
—THE large attendance at the exhibition, May 19th, shows that croakers have underestimated its drawing power. The Times correspondent estimates the number of paying visitors at 50,000, which was a larger gathering than might have been expected, in view of the fact that every newspaper in the country has been advising its readers to wait until next month, at least, before going to the exhibition.

—AS AN illustration of appreciation of the benefits of the exhibition to young people, the Mail mentions one instance in this city of a widow lady of wealth who is going to take her two boys to Philadelphia, and to remain with them, in daily attendance on the exhibition, all summer. She regards this as the very best method of enlarging their conceptions of the world's arts, industries and sciences.

—THE days of dedicating centennial monuments are near. The unveiling of the Witherspoon statue



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—VIEW OF THE MAIN BUILDING, LOOKING DOWN THE CENTRAL



THE CENTRAL AISLE FROM THE ORGAN LOFT IN THE EASTERN GALLERY.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 210.

PRIMROSES.

SWEET Primroses! I hold you dear,
That heedless are of me;
You have no ears my words to hear,
No eyes, my gaze to see.

You love the rain that swells each bud;
The sun, that bids you blow;
The breeze that calms your gentle blood,
And aways you to and fro.

But I am least of all to you;
For what have I to give?
What can I add of pleasure new
To your one joy—to live?

And yet the sunshine finds no bliss,
To smile, and win your smiles;
The breeze is careless of the kiss,
It takes or gives by whiles.

While I, who love, must yearn in vain,
For all I take of you,
To give to you such joy again,
As gives one drop of dew.

And you, fair flowers of joy and light,
Blessed above all remain,
To give such delicate delight,
And take no gift again!

Cary of Hunsdon.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF '76.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER VII.—IN WHICH DINSMORE INFORMS ME OF THE RESULT OF HIS VISIT TO THE CAROLINAS.

DINSMORE's voice and manner were entirely composed as he spoke, and he now continued to converse with the air of a person perfectly at his leisure.

"I mean to make her ladyship wait," he said, "until we finish our wine, my dear Cary. She must be fatigued after traveling, and there are a number of easy-chairs in the drawing-room—soft enough even for Mrs. Preston Routlege, of the Carolinas!"

I confess I was much more excited than Dinsmore, and looked forward to the approaching scene with ardent interest and curiosity. I said nothing, however. Fixing my eyes upon Dinsmore, I listened with the utmost eagerness for what he would say next.

He leaned back in his armchair, in an attitude of immovable composure, beat a slow tattoo with his fingers upon the dark old mahogany of the table, and his fine face, with the clear eyes and mobile lips, fitted to express every emotion, assumed an expression which it would be difficult to describe. Irony, satire, and the slightest possible indication of disdain, were all mingled in his glance. He remained quite silent for several minutes. Then he said, slowly :

"The narrative I am about to give you, my dear Cary, is one of the most curious that I have ever heard or read in all my experience; and your first impression will be that I have amused myself by fancying a series of romantic incidents—that for want of something to interest me here in the quiet shades of Dungeoneesse I have given loose rein to my imagination, and made myself the hero of an extravagant fiction. I confess that such would be my own impression if anybody told me the story I am about to tell you—and yet every word I shall utter will be the absolute truth, varying in no particular whatever from the naked fact. I have been made the victim of a plot of incredible audacity—have been completely outwitted, with all my experience and knowledge of the world, by a woman—and but for the purest accident, the most causal incident occurring as it were by mere chance, I should still be moping here, a bitterly disappointed man, instead of the happy and tranquil person you see I am.

"Let me go back for a moment to the time when you paid me one of your last visits here, and had the pleasure of seeing the excellent *Madame de Rudysael*. I informed you at the time of the object of madame's visit—to convey to me the welcome intelligence that the wife I had mourned as dead was not dead at all, as she was herself the wife in question—and this information came, you will remember, just at the moment when I was engaged to be married to one whom I sincerely loved. Madame's communication naturally put an end to all further proceedings in that affair. It is not good for a man to marry when he has one wife already. I therefore informed Honoria of every circumstance—gave up my matrimonial designs—and proceeded to mope here, with a heart full, I must say, of the most unspeakable bitterness and rage. This you will acknowledge was natural. The little affection I had once had for the woman I had married had long before disappeared, giving place to positive aversion: and now I found her suddenly reappear and thrust herself between me and Honoria—the most unwelcome of apparitions—to forbid the bans in the name of the law!

"Well, months passed on, and I heard nothing further of Madame the Baroness de Rudysael, when one day last January I was informed that an unknown person desired to see me on business of importance. I was in one of my sombre moods, and sent word that I would see nobody upon any business whatever—directing James, my confidential servant, to see the person, and attend to the matter, whatever it might be. In a few moments James came back and said: 'It is a man from Lord Ferrers, sir, and he brings a note from his lordship.' This excited my curiosity, inert as I was in body and mind, and I directed the man to be admitted to the library, where I was mopping. He entered and gave me the note—he had brought it through the lines concealed in the lining of his coat, he said; and at the first glance I recognized the handwriting of my uncle, Colonel Lord Ferrers. The note was brief. Lord Ferrers informed me that he desired me to visit him as soon as possible near Camden, in South Carolina—he had something singular and, above all, important, to communicate to me in person—it could not be communicated by letter. As an Englishman, taking no part in the war, I could easily enter the British lines—if I could not, I was to allow myself to be taken prisoner, and be conducted to his headquarters. Well, this note produced upon me a curious impression. I knew Lord Ferrers too well to believe that such a summons was based upon slight grounds. His lordship is the coolest and most unexcitable of men—a bluff, hard-fighting, high-toned old reprobate, with 'damme!' ever on his lips, and the heart of Bayard under his stern exterior. He must know something, I was convinced, which it was of vital importance that I should hear; and the first idea that occurred to me was that Madame the Baroness de

Rudysael had met with some misfortune—had fallen into the hands of the Americans, perhaps, and suffered death as a spy—and that Lord Ferrers had ascertained her real name, and that I was an unhappy widower! As I reflected, I was more and more convinced that this was the information of importance which his lordship desired to communicate. I therefore set out at once, without losing a single hour; and, piloted by the man who had brought the note, proceeded rapidly in the direction of the Carolinas. Near Camden we encountered some American partisans, at sight of whom my traveling companion glided into the bushes and disappeared. I entered into conversation with them, however; they did not seem disposed to arrest a plain citizen; and I heard the officer in command say that Colonel Ferrers was on an expedition towards the lower waters of the Peegee.

"Well, Cary, this brings me to the moment when I was halted in the swamp by that brave fellow Marion, and found myself so unexpectedly face to face with yourself. The skirmish with Tarleton—an old acquaintance of mine in England—followed. I was captured, you remember; and, hearing from Tarleton that Lord Ferrers was lower down, I continued my way, reached his lordship's camp, entered his marquee, and found him eating fried bacon, and waited on by—the man Fritz!

"When Lord Ferrers saw me, he rose and gave me four fingers, which were two more than he ever gave to anybody else. I was always a favorite with him, and he betrayed as much pleasure at seeing me as he ever betrayed at anything. 'Damme! if this isn't you, George!' he said. Did you know that my name was George? He then added: 'So you got my note? Damme! I thought the man that carried it would be drowned in the mud of these damned swamps, and that I would never hear of him again—damme!' I give you a fair specimen of the elocution of my Lord Ferrers. His lordship invited me to partake of his bacon, sent away the man Fritz, who had grinned with respectful recognition as his eyes met my own, and when we were alone said: 'I have sent for you to tell you, George, that you have been the victim, damme! of one of the most infernal plots that it has ever been my fortune to hear of!' His lordship then proceeded to wash down his meal with some rum, upon which he bestowed maledictions for its inferior quality, passed the bottle, and entered upon the subject of our interview.

"I shall not attempt to give you the exact words uttered by Lord Ferrers; I should be compelled to utter more oaths than I like to repeat. I shall endeavor simply to inform you of the substance of his most extraordinary communication, which, I must say, I listened to at first with utter incredulity—a sentiment you are apt to share as you now hear me tell you, in turn, the remarkable story. The substance of the statement made to me by his lordship—leaning back in his campchair and damning everything and everybody as he spoke, in his gruff, abrupt voice—was as follows:

"As one of the oldest colonels in the army of Lord Cornwallis, and a friend of that commander, he was often summoned to headquarters to receive orders or to be consulted, and more than once had seen there a woman evidently employed by his lordship as a spy, in company with a man apparently her servant or confederate—the man Fritz. The appearance of this woman had struck him forcibly on their very first meeting. She bore the most extraordinary resemblance to a *dansuse*, named Coraline, whom he had known very well in Paris; and he was convinced that she could be no other than the girl in question. As it was a subject of very little interest to him, however, whether a girl of the theatre should or should not have been transformed into a British spy, he had not addressed her—she had avoided all meetings with him, indeed, apparently remembering him as an old acquaintance—and he had willingly forgotten her, when one day the man Fritz followed him to his quarters and asked to speak with him. He was ordered to be admitted; and then came a remarkable disclosure. Fritz said that he had waited upon Mademoiselle Coraline in Paris, and very well remembered my Lord Ferrers. He had followed, or, rather, accompanied, Mademoiselle to America as her 'courier,' and had discovered that she was engaged in a singular plot. This plot he would never have unavailed had not Mademoiselle treated him in a manner which no one could endure—refused to pay his wages; and even threatened to have him hung, if he was insolent, by my Lord Cornwallis! To reveal her whole scheme was her design in visiting Lord Ferrers.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE NARRATIVE OF LORD FERRERS.

"THE plot," continued Dinsmore, "was an extremely deep one, and based upon the following circumstances.

"Mademoiselle Coraline, according to the man Fritz, was the twin-sister of a Parisian actress who had left the stage in order to marry a young gentleman of large property from England, whose name was Dinsmore. Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore had quarreled for some reason not long after their marriage; the lady had robbed a casket belonging to her husband of a very large amount of money, and fled from him; and she had led a roving life, visiting all the capitals of Europe, among others Vienna, where she met with her twin-sister, Mademoiselle Coraline, filling the place of leading *dansuse* at one of the most popular theatres. The late of Mrs. Dinsmore was an unfortunate one. While passing through the Pontine Marshes near Rome, she had contracted a fever which soon carried her off. Her death took place in the Abruzzi Mountains, in an obscure village, and there she was buried.

"Soon after these events, Mademoiselle Coraline, growing tired of Vienna, had obtained an engagement in Paris, and had gone thither, taking the man Fritz with her as her courier. Her life in Paris had been exceedingly disreputable. Among other persons she had known Lord Ferrers, who was connected with Mr. Dinsmore, and from him and others had ascertained all that she did not already know in reference to her sister's marriage, and the circumstances of her death. The result was that Mademoiselle Coraline, finding that she was not so highly appreciated as a *dansuse* on the Parisian boards as she had expected, and ardently covetous of money, conceived a strange and daring scheme.

"She bore to her dead sister a most extraordinary resemblance—so extraordinary that many of the young men of Paris who had known Mrs. Dinsmore and were aware of her death, positively started when they were thrown with Mademoiselle Coraline. The project conceived now by Mademoiselle was to *personate* the dead woman—to seek out Mr. Dinsmore, who was said to be a person of large wealth—to affirm that she was Mrs. Dinsmore, and to explain her reappearance by the statement that her death and burial had been merely feigned, in order to escape from the surveillance of an officer of the police, who, acting under orders from Mr. Dinsmore, after the robbery, had dogged her from place to place. This circumstance Mademoiselle Coraline had learned from her sister when she visited her at Vienna; and having also heard from Mrs. Dinsmore the most private details of her union

with Mr. Dinsmore, Mademoiselle felt herself fully armed for the encounter, and ready to support her claim, based on her extraordinary resemblance, by repeating these details, known apparently to no persons but the gentleman and his dead wife.

"Her daring plot—the man Fritz went on to inform Lord Ferrers—was duly carried into execution. Mademoiselle collected all her resources, sold her rich presents and repaired to England, taking him, Fritz, with her. She ascertained in London that Mr. Dinsmore was from the West of England, and had no difficulty in finding where his estates lay; but on her arrival was greatly disappointed to hear that he had emigrated to Virginia, with the intention of never returning to England. This seemed to put an end to all Mademoiselle's hopes. But she was not easily checkmated. She at once determined to go to Virginia, and as the war in America was just beginning, she resolved to adopt the profession of a female spy—a career which, to one of Mademoiselle's adventurous instincts, possessed irresistible attractions. In order to smooth her way to this career, she had visited an attaché of the Foreign Office in London, whom she had formerly been acquainted with in Paris, and this gentleman had easily procured for her a recommendation from the Secretary, addressed to Lord Howe, for her employment in the department of secret service, or, in other words, as a spy. With this paper Mademoiselle sailed for Virginia, having first supplied herself with a coach, in which she proposed to travel in America, under the name of the Baroness de Rudysael. The man Fritz had accompanied her: they duly reached Virginia; and at Williamsburg she had easily ascertained where Mr. Dinsmore was to be found, as he resided in the same part of the colony. An interview between Mademoiselle Coraline and the gentleman followed, at which he, the respectable Fritz, as the French say, assisted. Mademoiselle had never taken him fully into her confidence, but knowing that some strange scheme was on the *tapas*, he was resolved to discover what it was—and now the opportunity presented itself. The front door of Mr. Dinsmore's country residence had remained partly open—the door of the drawing-room also—and he, Fritz, had sauntered up to the portico, listened, and heard all that passed between the lady and the gentleman. At first, Mr. Dinsmore had shown by the tones of his voice the deepest astonishment—no doubt at Mademoiselle's extraordinary resemblance to his dead wife. He had recovered his coolness immediately, however, and when Mademoiselle asserted her claim, had greeted it with expressions of utter incredulity. For this, Mademoiselle had evidently been prepared, and she proceeded to lay before him the evidences of her statement. She communicated to him the most minute details of his years of marriage; repeated to him the very words he had uttered in the angry interviews with his wife; and defended herself against the charge of having intended to rob him, in taking the money from his casket, which she declared she had done to avoid another scene of altercation, and as her due, since she was ridding him of the expense of her further maintenance. She explained why she had feigned death—protested that she was penitent—and at first brought him to take her part.

"As Mr. Dinsmore listened—Fritz told Lord Ferrers—he had evidently yielded gradually to the conviction that her story was true. It was plain that he had never heard of the existence of any sister of Mrs. Dinsmore's, and the startling resemblance and minute private details given by Mademoiselle seemed at last to banish all his doubts. His expressions of disbelief in her story were not repeated, and he listened in silence; but when Mademoiselle asked to be taken back, he coldly demanded how much money she required as the price of her silence—that is to say, for not assuming his name. An angry scene had followed, but Mr. Dinsmore had remained perfectly cool; and it was finally arranged between them that he should place a certain amount, quarterly, at his banker's in London, to Mademoiselle's credit—she engaging in return not to take his name or have any further connection with him. The parties had had but one interview afterwards, when she came to Mr. Dinsmore's house to obtain an order for the payment of the money in London; and Mademoiselle had then gone northward, had sold her coach and horses in Philadelphia, entered on her trade of spy, and had afterwards continued in the same employment, in the service of Lord Cornwallis, in the Carolinas—where Lord Ferrers had met and recognized her as his former acquaintance, Mademoiselle Coraline, of Paris!"

Dinsmore touched his glass of wine to his lips, and smiled, as he ended this curious relation.

"Such, my dear friend, he said, "was the remarkable narrative communicated to me by Lord Ferrers on the authority of Fritz. There was no ground whatever, he said—with a volley of 'dammes!'—to question its truth, extraordinary as it might appear. The man was evidently telling the exact truth, raging as he was by his treatment by Mademoiselle Coraline; and his lordship added that he had further evidence, which he at once produced—I will lay it before you in a moment, Cary. After hearing the story, Lord Ferrers had promptly written to me; I now knew all, he said, and he was (with a violent expletive) glad that Mademoiselle's claws were cut, and her devilish farce, which reflected the highest credit on her nerves at an end!"

"I left Lord Ferrers soon afterwards, taking the man, Fritz into my service, and on my return to Virginia had an interview with Honoria, which resulted soon afterwards in our marriage. Do you say that this step was a hazardous one, my dear Cary, inasmuch as I had no evidence of my first wife's death but the word of a *scapin* who hated his mistress. I reply that I was furnished by Lord Ferrers with something more solid."

"Dinsmore rose, went to an old secretary in one corner of the apartment, unlocked a drawer, and took out two or three papers.

"Here is what puts all doubt at rest," he said. "Fritz had taken care to supply himself with the proof of his statements. He had often observed that Mademoiselle carried about her person an old leather pocketbook containing money and papers; and his instinct had told him that the papers might prove useful. He had accordingly come into possession of them, while Mademoiselle was asleep, on the night before he left her service, and soon offered them as his vouchers to Lord Ferrers."

Dinsmore unfolded the papers, which were much frayed and discolored, and exhibited them to me.

"This," he said, "is an official copy of the register of the birth of Coraline Deschamps, at Martigny, in France. The next is the record of her baptism; and this paper is her engagement as a *dansuse* to Vienna, a month after the date of my marriage with her sister. Why she preserved them whether intentionally or by accident—I do not know."

I looked at the papers carefully. There could be no question whatever of their authenticity, as they bore the official seals and signatures of the French and Vienna authorities. The Austrian document particularly set all possible doubt at rest, proving, as it clearly did, that while Dinsmore was

enjoying his honeymoon in Paris, his wife's sister, Mademoiselle Coraline, was pirouetting for the entertainment of the ladies and gentlemen of Vienna."

Dinsmore refolded the papers, but did not restore them to the drawer. He carefully placed them in the breast-pocket of his coat.

"And now, my dear Cary," he said, "you know everything, and have had explained to you what certainly must have caused you extreme astonishment—my marriage with Honoria. Did you regard your friend as a bigamist? Certainly there appeared to be good reason to charge him with that serious misdemeanor, when you met Mrs. Dinsmore, as you supposed, at the tavern on the Chickahominy, and came to Dungeoneesse to find another Mrs. Dinsmore at the head of my table! I am happy to say that only one lady has the right to bear that name! and the circumstance is so agreeable, that I am in rather a good humor than a bitter mood, at this moment when I am about to have my little interview with Mademoiselle Coraline! Like Lord Ferrers, I am disposed to regard Mademoiselle with admiration rather than with any harsher sentiment. She has outwitted a tolerably cool man of the world—and I declare to you that under the same circumstances I believe I should be outwitted again! She had armed herself at every point—and then that wonderful resemblance! I assure you it is positively startling. There was absolutely no ground whatever for denying her statement; and I felt compelled either to *pension* Mademoiselle, or take steps to procure a divorce."

"Why not adopt the latter course, Dinsmore? The question has occurred to my mind a hundred times since you told me of your situation."

"Well, I will tell you why I did not. I may have appealed to you indifferent in matters of religious belief. I am far from indifferent—no man ever lived with a more profound conviction of the binding force of the precepts of Holy Writ. I feel compelled, in one word—absolutely compelled by my conscience—to follow in all things the law of the Almighty rather than the law of his creatures."

"I begin to understand."

"The laws of England authorize divorce for certain offenses, and second marriage. The law of the New Testament allows divorce—but not a new marrying during the life of the first wife."

"Now, I understand everything."

"I did not care for a divorce unless it left me at liberty to marry Honoria—she shares my own sentiments, I will add, and would never have married me during a former wife's life, if a thousand statutes had authorized her to do so."

Dinsmore rose from his seat, and added:

"But I am keeping Mademoiselle waiting, and she must be growing impatient. It is not well-bred to compel a lady to thus await the convenience of a gentleman. I shall proceed to pay my respects to her, and to arrange everything definitely. I cannot arrest Mademoiselle as a spy, as I ought to do, I suppose, but I have no proof against her and no prison to confine her in. Doubtless, too, her career is ended here—she is probably on her way to Europe, and has called to request an order on my banker in London. I will not ask you to be present at our interview—it might give you an indigestion! Besides, it will not be long; remain here, my dear Cary, and I will rejoin you in a few moments."

With these words Dinsmore left the room, and crossing the hall, entered the drawing-room, the door of which he closed behind him.

(To be continued.)

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

PICTURESQUE VIEWS OF THE INTERIOR.

THE MAIN BUILDING FROM THE EASTERN GALLERY—THE BOOK TRADE DEPARTMENT—THE CHINESE SECTION.

THE grandest view to be had within-doors on the Exhibition Grounds is that obtainable from either the gallery at the eastern or that at the western end of the Main Building. Now that all the thirty-five countries represented in this building have completed their displays, with the exception of Russia and Turkey, the visitor to the Exhibition can enjoy there no prospect to be compared in grandeur with that represented in the illustration on pages 208-9. The view is from the eastern gallery, the spectator looking west, down the great nave, which is 1,832 feet in length and 120 feet in width. This is the longest avenue of that width ever introduced into an Exhibition building. On each side of the nave there is an avenue of the same length and 100 feet in width. Between the nave and each avenue are three broken aisles, each 48 feet in width, and between each avenue and its corresponding side of the building are two aisles, one 48 and the other 24 feet in width. These longitudinal avenues are crossed by a central transept 120 feet in width by 416 in length, with one on each side, of the same length and 100 feet in width. There are in addition to the three transepts, 12 transverse aisles, each 416 feet in length and 48 feet in width, and two of the same length and 24 feet in width. The pavilions, showcases, pagodas, and all other structures within the building, are laid out on the rigid checkerboard plan of the original city of Philadelphia, with all its avenues properly indicated.

The first section seen is that of the United States, which occupies, on the left of the nave, one-fourth of the entire floor-space of 21.47

decorated with flags and bunting; and the Orange Free State. Now, retracing and beginning on the right, at the end of the section of the United States, the following, as the visitor advances, are met as before: Mexico, in a pavilion of wood and plaster of the florid Gothic style, being a representation of the leading architecture in the city of Mexico at the time of the conquest of that country by Cortez; Netherlands, with a low, graceful pavilion of the Moresque style; Brazil, having a \$30,000 pavilion of the most gaudy extreme of the Moresque style, and almost realizing the fabulous creations of Arabian lore; Belgium, Switzerland, France and Colonies, Great Britain and Ireland; British Colonies (the latter comprising Canada, Jamaica, New Zealand, New South Wales, South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, and India, all in distinct sections); Sweden; Norway, inclosed by a pavilion, which, from its great number of spires, somewhat resembles the Cathedral at Milan.

The four corners formed by the intersection of the nave and central transept are called the posts of honor, and are occupied by the United States, France, Great Britain and Ireland, and Germany. To a visitor standing on the ground-floor at the eastern end, the view towards the western end is broken by a playing fountain and a number of soda-water pavilions.

The American Book Association conceived and successfully executed an artistic and novel design for displaying books of science, art, or literature, published in the United States. Instead of arranging that each firm should exhibit in a separate showcase, as is done by exhibitors of all other interests in the Main Building, the Association constructed, in the southeastern corner of the building, an elegant platform about seventy-five feet in length and thirty in width, from which arise iron pillars, supporting a second floor, corresponding in every respect with the one below. The construction of the iron stairways ascending to the second floor is extremely elaborate, as is also that of the showcases on each floor. The whole is divided into as many sections as there are exhibitors in the Association, at the top of each section being the name of the exhibitor in chaste gilt letters. Most of the leading book-firms in each city of the United States are represented.

The Chinese section is, next to the Japanese, the most curious in the main building. Its attraction, however, is owing more to the extreme gaudiness of the structure which incloses it than to any extraordinary interest possessed by its contents. The section is 148 feet in length and 38 in width, the structure inclosing it being of the pagoda style of architecture, and evidently its Mongolian decorators first used up all the colors of a peacock's tail and of the rainbow, and then, as though regretting that they had not ten or eleven more different styles of rainbow to imitate, had recourse to their fertile invention for other shades. The pavilion (if it may be so called) was constructed in Canton in sections, and is, doubtless, to-day, the most gaudy building between Hudson's Bay and Cape Horn. The structures forming the entrances, of which there are three, one in front on the grand nave, and two on the western side, rise high above the rest of the pavilion, and are overtopped only by the pagoda or joss-house, and the towers seen inside. All these are of the pagoda style, which is familiar to every one who has seen a tea-caddie painting. The showcases are arranged in circles, their contents being principally pottery, porcelain, bronzes, carved wood-work, chasings on silver, inlaid-work, and silks. In appearance, the showcases are in keeping with the curious pavilion inclosing them.

THE MAY CONFERENCE.

POLITICAL REFORMERS IN SESSION AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK.

IN answer to an invitation issued by Carl Schurz, William Cullen Bryant and President Woolsey, nearly two hundred gentlemen assembled at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, Monday afternoon, May 15th, to confer with each other upon the subject of the purification of national politics, having special reference to the ensuing Presidential election. The meeting was called to order by H. C. Lodge, of Massachusetts, and a committee headed by ex-Governor Bullock was appointed to arrange for permanent officers. Theodore Dwight Woolsey was elected president, with thirty-one vice-presidents, representing twelve States, and five secretaries. After a brief address by the venerable President, Mr. Schurz announced the scheme of the proposed conference, and suggested a general expression of opinion, and, if possible, the formation of a definite plan of action. He closed his remarks with a motion that a committee of five be appointed to draft an appeal to the nation, and to take charge of all resolutions that might be offered in the conference. The chairman selected as such committee: Carl Schurz and Parke Godwin, of New York; Lafayette S. Foster, of Connecticut; John W. Hoyt, of Wisconsin; and Martin Brimmer, of Massachusetts. After the committee retired, brief remarks were made by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, Frank MacVeagh, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, and Congressman Seelye of Massachusetts. At the close of the latter's address, Mr. Schurz reported that it would be impossible for the committee to complete its labors in time to report that day, and an adjournment was taken until Tuesday morning.

Shortly after the opening of the Conference, Mr. Schurz arose and read the address agreed upon by the special committee, the paper closing with the following appeal:

"We therefore appeal to all good citizens who find their own sentiments expressed in this address (be they inside or outside of party lines) to organize in their respective districts and communicate with the Executive Committee appointed at this meeting, so that efficient co-operation may become possible. Let no effort be spared in bringing the influence of patriotic public opinion to bear upon those who in the customary way are soon to nominate the party candidates, and then, in any event, let us be ready to do what the best interests of the republic demand. Our generation has to open the second century of our national life, as the fathers opened the first. Theirs was the work of Independence; ours is the work of Reformation. The one is as vital now as the other was then. Now, as then, every true American must have the courage to do his duty."

The reading of the address was listened to with an unusual degree of interest, and as Mr. Schurz resumed his seat the delegates applauded loudly. A committee was appointed to carry out the purposes of the paper, and to reconvene the conference or call a larger meeting of a similar character if deemed necessary, and the business of the meeting being practically completed, the President, in answer to loud calls, requested Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to address the company, and the gentleman promptly responded. He said he belonged to the floating vote of the country, and what he wanted were an honest administration and an honest money. As a practical man he recognized in the country the existence of two powerful

political machines, with either of which he could cheerfully act under certain circumstances, and he was there simply to do what he could to bring about those circumstances; he was there to do what he could to induce the Republican Party to believe that if, in the coming election, it wanted the aid of the independent voters, the only way to be sure of getting it was through the nomination of Secretary Bristol. If, however, the Republican Party thought it could get along without the floating vote, and if the Democrats should nominate Governor Tilden, then, as a practical man, he wished to see him supported as the next best after Bristol. But, if neither party wanted the independent vote enough to put forward a candidate who only could get it, in that event he hoped that the suggestion of the address might be carried out, and that the members of the conference would hold a convention and have, at least, the satisfaction of putting forward a candidate of their own for whom they could cast a conscientious vote.

Dorman B. Eaton submitted a resolution and urged its adoption as a portion of the address to the country. After being referred to the committee, and receiving favorable endorsement, the resolution was passed. With the passage of a motion declaring it inexpedient for the conference at the present time to express a preference for any man as a Presidential candidate, the convention adjourned sine die.

AMMONIA AS A MOTIVE POWER.

AN ECONOMICAL AND SAFE SUBSTITUTE FOR STEAM.

THE employment of ammonia as a motive power is now attracting more than usual attention, partly in consequence of the increased supply of crude material, and further, because of the demand for some substitute for steam in underground transportation and for rapid transit through thickly populated thoroughfares. The feasibility of using ammonia-engines has been conclusively proved by elaborate experiments conducted in this country and Europe, and the delay in their introduction as a familiar motive power is a matter of considerable surprise among intelligent persons who have examined into the subject. The principle on which ammonia gas is proposed as a motor is analogous to that upon which the use of steam is based. In the ammonia engine, the expulsion of the gas from water and its re-solution in the water take the place of vaporization and condensation of vapor in the steam-engine. The manner of operation of the two descriptions of machines is so entirely similar, that but for the corroding action of ammonia on all brass and copper boxes and packing, and the loss of ammonia, they might be used interchangeably. A steam-engine may be converted into an ammonia-engine by replacing with iron or steel the parts constructed of brass, and by modifying to some extent the apparatus of condensation. One of the earliest engines to be operated by ammonia was invented by M. Frot, of Paris, and was shown in 1867, at the French International Exhibition. It is fully described by Dr. Barnard in his elaborate report on the machinery of the Paris Exhibition. A fifteen-horse steam-engine was transformed into an ammonia-engine by order of the Emperor, and being alternately worked by steam and by ammonia, it was possible to make comparative experiments with all desirable exactness. The inventor claimed that its consumption of fuel per horse-power per hour when working under ammonia was not more than one-third of that of a steam-engine working under similar conditions.

The modifications made by M. Frot in the condensing apparatus were only such as are necessary to re-dissolve the gas to a degree of saturation sufficient to make it available for repeated use and to return the solution to the boiler. The same water and the same gas were kept in perpetual circulation, between boiler and condenser, without any further loss than was due to inevitable leakage. The report of the commission appointed to examine this engine was in the main favorable. Another engine was invented by Delaporte, and of this we are able to give a diagram. (See fig. 1.)

A is the boiler, D the cylinder, and B the tube communicating between the cylinder and the boiler. C is the valve-box and x the slider by means of which the gas is introduced alternately above and below the piston. E is the ejection pipe and F the condenser and dissolver. In this machine, the condenser and dissolver are not separate, as in M. Frot's. The water of injection is introduced by a pipe and rose jet at the top of the condenser F. The solution passes from F into H, from which it is withdrawn by the piston H, passing through the reservoir k and the tubes U and V' by which it is returned to the boiler. As its return is opposed by the elasticity of the gas in the boiler, it must be forced in, and small forcing-pump is employed for this purpose. The tube V' is surrounded by a jacket L. The water which has been deprived by heat of its ammonia is withdrawn from the bottom of the boiler by the lower tube, and passes into the jacket L, where it imparts a portion of its heat to the solution in the tube V', which is on its way to the boiler. It is then discharged at l by a connection, not shown, and carried through a refrigerator, which is also not shown, after which it is conveyed into the vessel T, and is employed for injection into the dissolver F.

In this way the use of ammonia is made continuous, subject only to the usual loss by leakage. Both of these inventions employed the gas condensed in water. Another French engineer, M. Tellier, proposes to use the liquefied gas. By generating the gas under the pressure of its own atmosphere, it is converted into a liquid which even at low temperature exerts a pressure of seven atmospheres. He bases his application upon the following properties of ammonia:

1. Its easy liquefaction.
2. It furnishes power at ordinary temperatures.
3. Its vapor can be safer heated at moderate temperature.
4. The condensation and recovery of the whole of the gas to be used for new operations.
- The gas can be collected in large factories and liquefied in any convenient locality by employing a quantity of water three times as large as the bulk of the liquefied gas; the gas can be vaporized, using it as a motive power at a pressure of eight or ten atmospheres, an operation in which the action will remain constant because the heat required to produce the gas will be generated by the caloric of condensation (latent heat) disengaged in the aqueous solution. M. Tellier has invented a locomotive to be driven by liquefied ammonia, represented by figs. 2, 3, of which the following is the lettered description: V, introduction of the liquefied gas; A, reservoir of the liquefied gas; BB, condensing reservoir of water; CC, pistons; DD, exhaust-pumps; EE, vaporizing-coils; K, escape-pipe; a, b, h, m, f, g, l, j, transmission of power; X, steering apparatus; R, government.

The inventor claims that this ammonia-locomotive, possessing a two-horse power, can pro-

pelled eight miles with forty pounds of liquid ammonia and one hundred and twenty pounds of cold water.

A somewhat similar invention has been patented in this country by Dr. Emil Lamm, of New Orleans, in which it is practically applied to the propulsion of street-cars. Fig. 4 represents the adaptation of the principle to an ordinary street-car. The engine used on the car is equal to two-horse power. The exhaust-pipe leads into an outside shell or water-tank, in which is immersed the reservoir containing the liquefied ammonia. The ammoniacal gas escaping from the exhaust-pipe, after having acted upon the piston of the engine, as soon as it comes in contact with the water in the tank is instantly reabsorbed, giving out at the same time the heat which was rendered latent by its evaporation in the reservoir. To overcome the delay in the communication of heat between the continually cooling liquefied gas and the water becoming as quickly warm on the outside of the reservoir, it was necessary to construct a boiler of numerous tubes, so as to increase the heating surface. This ingenious device surmounted all of the difficulty experienced by previous experimenters, and the use of the ammonia-engine on the street-cars of New Orleans has been an accomplished fact since 1871. It is not claimed for ammonia that it can supersede steam; it is simply proposed to substitute it for steam in places where the latter cannot be employed: Where it is desirable to avoid fire, where the air would become vitiated by furnaces—in cases where a small power was desirable for pumping, driving a church-organ, propelling vehicles, for attachment to sewing-machines, for magneto-electric machines in electro-plating, for small printing-presses and a host of other purposes—it will be very convenient to have a cylinder of liquefied ammonia brought to the house, just as soda-water is conveyed to the dealers in that article, in a condition suitable for attaching it to couplings ready for use at any moment. A bottle of liquid ammonia which a person can carry in his pocket will run a sewing-machine constantly for a week, or if only used occasionally, would last a year. Enormous amounts of ammonia are now made as an incidental product in the manufacture of illuminating gas. It is not many years since the greater part of it was thrown away; it is now all saved, and other industries have been made to contribute to the general stock. A new source of supply is from the waste liquors of boracic acid manufactories of Italy. Some of these establishments yield thirty-five hundred pounds of sulphate of ammonia every twenty-four hours. Ammonia is now also saved in refining crude borax, in the manufacture of caustic soda from Chili salt-petre, in the manufacture of beet-sugar, and attempts have been made to economize the ammonia resulting from the coking of coal. It will be seen that from all of these sources combined the supply of ammonia is practically inexhaustible, and there is no longer any valid reason why it should not be frequently employed as a motive power.

How the Sultan Spends his Money.

THE *Economiste Francaise*, continuing what are termed its "indiscretions" with regard to the interior of the Sultan's palaces, and what may be called his "menu-plaisirs," says that the care of the carpet upon which he kneels at his devotions costs nearly \$2,500 a year, and that the doctors' and chemists' bills average about \$150,000, taking one year with another. It appears that the Sultan is very averse to any of the ladies of the harem being attacked with illness while in the palace, and when one of them was so unfortunate as to die suddenly a few weeks ago, the Sultan left the palace and would not return until the body had been removed. The visit of the doctor to his patient is made in great state, for he is preceded by an officer carrying a large sword, while two others, armed to the teeth, march by his side. But even this seems insufficient to inspire respect, for the *Economiste* adds that in winter the doctor and his attendants are often "snowballed" as they pass through the courtyards. All the doctors, including an Armenian lady who belongs to the staff, have taken their degrees at the Constantinople School of Medicine, so it is probably not unfair to assume that they are what the French call "princes of the science." The Sultan, if lavish in other matters, does not seem to set a high value upon intellectual pursuits, for there are only two tutors, receiving about \$2,500 a year each, for the education of his sons. Upon the other hand, his Majesty does not deny himself with regard to music, for his private band consists of no fewer than three hundred musicians, who are said to be very proficient in playing Turkish airs and the music of Western operas during the dinner hour. The Sultan, who is a great lover of music, has, moreover, formed a military orchestra composed of female slaves, who have to play wind-instruments so much that nearly all of them are carried off by consumption.

A Wonderful Tree in Mexico.

ABOUT two miles from the city of Mexico, at a little place called La Cuba, is the old tree known in history as Noche Triste, under the branches of which, tradition has it, Cortes gathered together his little remnant of men on the sad night he was attacked by the Aztecs and driven from the city. It is at least a remarkable old tree, and worth the ride to see for itself. It is a cypress, of a variety that grows to an immense size in this part of Mexico. It is more than a thousand years old, and about ten feet through at its base, and is gnarled and twisted in a wonderful way. It enlarges above, so that at ten feet from the earth it is fourteen feet in diameter. At twenty feet it divides into two immense trunks. First was put to it a few years since, and the inner portion and largest upper trunk mostly burned away. The lesser trunk and shell will, however, live for ages. Three years ago the Mexican Government put a handsome stone and iron fence around it, so that no vandal hand can now touch it. Perhaps no object about the city has now such a charm as the old tree of Noche Triste.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES

FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 20, 1876.

MR. OWEN MARLOWE, a comedian of the highest and most delicate type, and an universal favorite, died on Friday, May 19th, in Boston. He was born in Sussex, England, August 1st, 1830. His last appearance in New York was at the Academy of Music in September, 1875, under the management of the Kiraly Brothers. Mr. Marlowe played *Phineas Phogg* in "Around the World in Eighty Days." . . . The operatic venture at Niblo's Garden, which is to reintroduce Belocca, would seem to hang fire. . . . The Florentines come to Wallack's Theatre, Monday, May 29th. . . . "Brass" reached its one hundredth and last night at the Park Theatre, Saturday, May 20th. On the following Monday "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was revived. . . . The past week has been marked by benefits at nearly all the theatres. . . . "Conscience" continues a success at the Union Square Theatre. . . . "Julius Caesar" was revived at Booth's Theatre, May 22d. . . . The French troupe of comedians has been giving a series of delightful entertainments at the Lyceum Theatre. . . . The Jarrett & Palmer train across the Continent will start the first week in June.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Rev. Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, in this city, is to deliver the annual address before the literary societies of Emory and Henry College, Virginia, on the 14th of June.

THE King of Bavaria has sanctioned the erection of a Bismarck monument at Kissingen, on condition that the statue shall not be placed on the spot where the Prince's life was attempted.

GEOFFREY L. FOX, the pantomimist, is under treatment at the McLean Asylum, Somerville; mixes freely with the convalescing patients, and is a great favorite with every one with whom he comes in contact. His health has much improved.

GENERAL SHERMAN, in a letter from Washington explaining his inability to pay a promised visit to Springfield, Ill., on the anniversary of the battle of Resaca, says: "I am more sorry than you possibly can be at the cause which took me from St. Louis and forced me to reside here in Washington."

MRS. A. T. STEWART has about given up her Fifth Avenue marble residence to Judge Hilton, who would live in it, while Mrs. Stewart moved into the brown-stone house on the opposite side of the avenue, occupied by Mr. George G. Haven, an old tenant of Mr. Stewart's. Judge Hilton asserts that the rumor was absolutely false.

MRS. A. J. DREXEL, of Philadelphia, and her daughter will sail for Europe on the 27th of May. They and the family of Mr. G. W. Childs will pass the summer at Long Branch. Mr. Childs and Mr. Drexel will keep house together at the home of the latter in Philadelphia, and will entertain some of the distinguished visitors to the Centennial Exhibition.

THE rumor that at the expiration of his Presidential term, General Grant will make a tour of the world. A very interesting traveling party of ex-rulers could be made up if a combination could be effected of ex-President Grant, King Amadeus and Queen Isabella of Spain, and General Dominguez of Hayti. Perhaps before the year expires they would be joined by the Sultan of Turkey and the present Czar of Russia.

AVERY interesting collection of some of Frank Bellows' sketches was exhibited for sale last week in Broadway. Mr. Bellows has for nearly twenty-five years occupied a very distinguished position as an artist in American literature, evidenced by his sketches in the *Lantern* in the bygone times, but chiefly in Frank Leslie's publications. He unites a delicate fancy with great originality, and has shown great versatility in various branches of art.

JUDGE LOUIS WYETH, of Alabama, is one of the pioneer order of judges whom no labors tire. Finding it impossible to reach Huntsville in time to open the Circuit Court on Monday by any regular means of communication, the steamboat having been withdrawn and the roads being impassable, he took a canoe at Guntersville and paddled to his destination, a distance of thirty miles, arriving on Sunday night, and opening court on Monday.

SAD news is received from Brussels of the condition of the Empress Charlotte, widow of the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico. Her physical health is good, but the unfortunate lady can no longer recognize her nearest relations, and the visit of any one who is not one of her regular attendants irritates her beyond expression. She has occasionally lucid intervals, but they are of very brief duration, and at such times she only occupies herself in domestic pursuits.

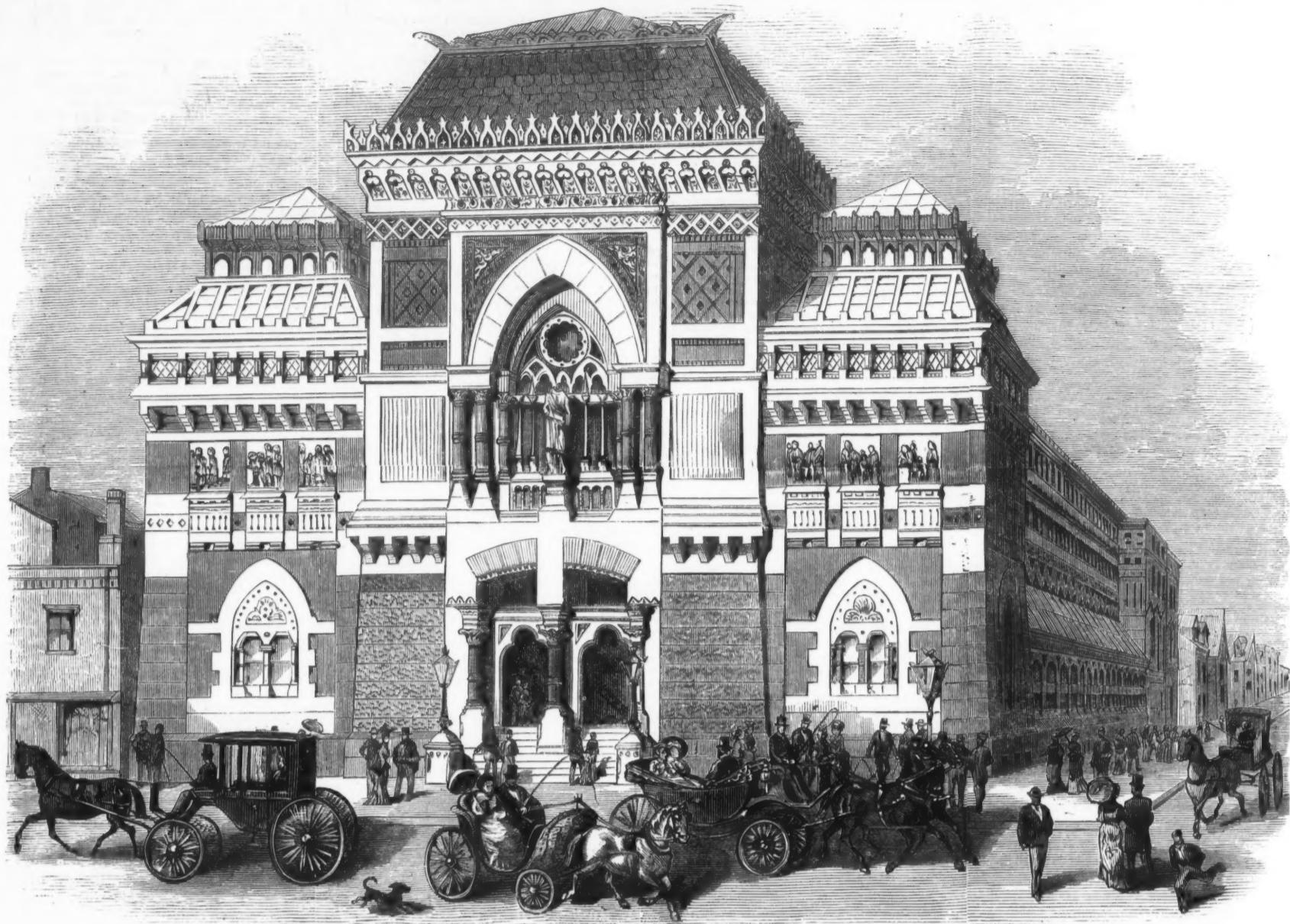
SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Starch Pictures.—If iodide of potassium and starch paste be mixed in the dark on paper with some cane-sugar, and exposed under a negative picture in the sunlight, a positive print will appear which can be fixed by washing in pure water. This method could be employed for taking impressions of leaves and other translucent or transparent objects in a manner analogous to what is called nature-printing. It is so simple that any one can manipulate it. The principle upon which it is based is the liberation of free iodine by the reducing action of cane-sugar.

Carnivorous Plants.—An addition to the list of carnivorous plants is suggested by Mr. J. C. Druce, in a letter to the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, in a little early Spring flower found chiefly on the tops of walls, the botanical name of which is *Saxifraga tridactylites*. Mr. Druce states that, when examined under the microscope, the leaves are seen to be covered with glands of a similar character, which exude a viscid secretion, in which he found a midge was entrapped and held fast when placed on the leaf. On examining a number of leaves he found in all of them the debris of insects which had apparently perished in this manner.

New Oxide of Manganese.—M. Frémy describes, in a recent paper read before the Institute of France, what he claims to be a new oxide of manganese, having four parts of the metal combined with five parts of oxygen. It is produced by mixing manganese sulphate with manganese sulphite, and crystallizes in hexagonal tablets, very unstable and easily decomposed by water. Potash decomposes it, and gives a black precipitate which easily dissolves in sulphuric acid, and can thus reproduce the primitive compound. The author thinks that the rose-color of some of the manganese compounds is due to the presence of small quantities of this new substance. It remains to be seen what are the properties and uses of this new oxide.

New Uses of Felt.—Several new branches of industry have grown out of the employment of felt for other purposes than hats. The material used to cover the hammers of piano-fortes is derived from the wool of sheep found only in Hungary. It is more elastic than the common variety, resisting better the cutting effect of the strings, which soon wear other kinds of felt away. These felts come in the trade in elongated pieces, very thick at one end and quite thin at the other, so as to suit the requirements, which are that the hammers striking the bass strings should be covered with thick felt, the layer being gradually diminished for the higher tones, so that the hammers striking the strings producing high tones have a very thin covering. Other felts are manufactured into carpets and printed with figures, forming rugs. Blankets, cloaks, skirts, socks, slippers, soles for boots and shoes, are also made. By saturating with varnish and paint, patent leather is imitated. Felt for roofing is mixed with asphaltum, coal-tar, pitch, and other waterproof material. Felt is also used in ship-building, as a layer below the copper-sheeting, and on steam cylinders as a non-conductor—for the latter purpose it can be made fireproof. Shoddy is manufactured out of materials



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE NEW ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, CORNER OF BROAD AND CHERRY STREETS.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

ON Saturday, April 22d, the new building of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the oldest institution of its kind in the country, was thrown open to the public and formally dedicated. It is located on the corner of Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, and embraces an academy, a museum of fine arts, a school for the tuition of art, and a grand series of galleries for the display of artistic works. The society was organized by members of the Philadelphia Bar and a few artists, in 1805. Twenty-three persons in the city subscribed \$10,000 each towards the new building; two firms gave \$20,000 each; there were ten donations of \$5,000; one hundred of \$1,000, and a few of \$2,500 each. The entire cost of the structure was about \$400,000, all the work being done by minor contract and days' labor.

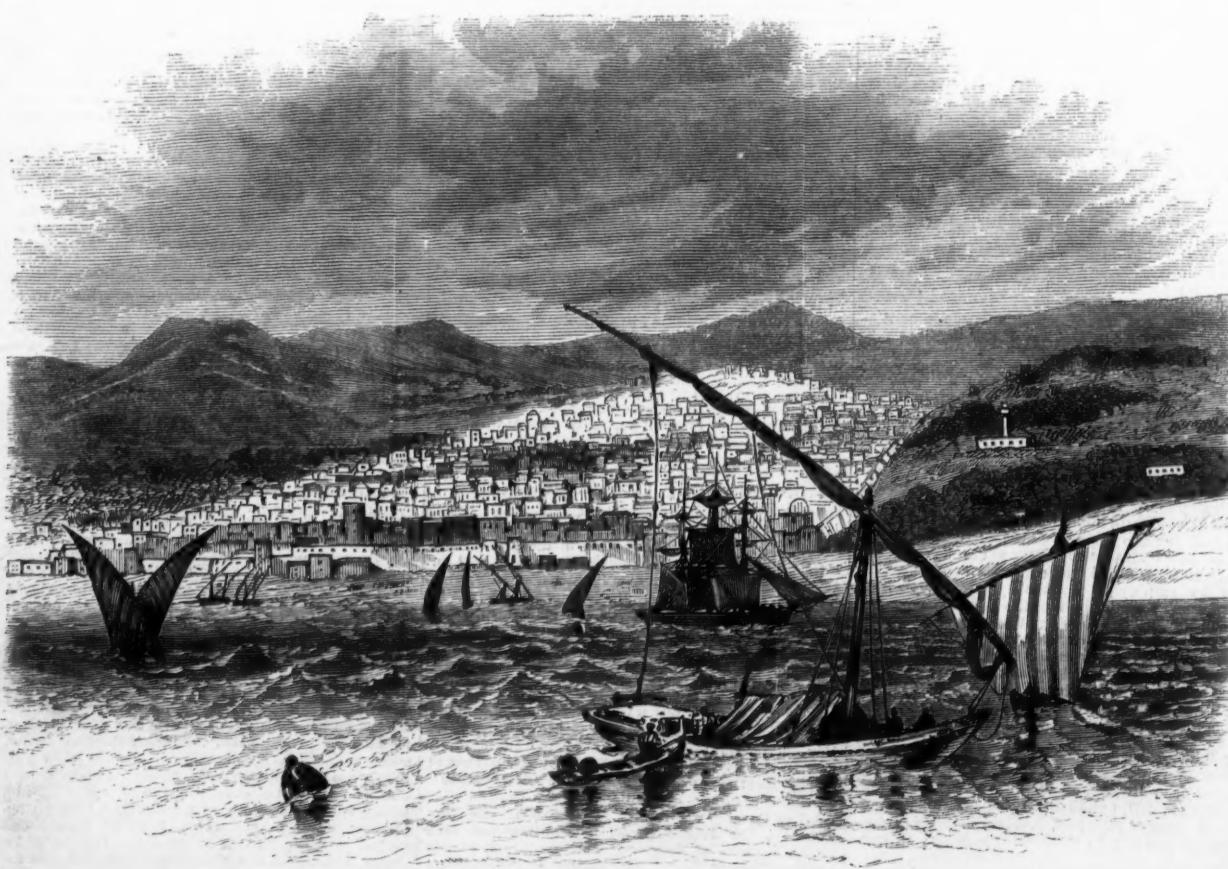
On reaching the first landing, one obtains a full view of the grand hall and stairway, with the splendid dome and its supporting arcade, forming the chief architectural feature of the building. It is said that the opulence of the details in color, gold and carving is so exciting to the eye, that one needs to walk a long way through the quiet galleries to get his retina sufficiently freed from the impression to enable him to look at a picture. Statuary is well displayed in the corridors, and the galleries for casts on the lower floor, the class-rooms, drawing and reading-rooms seem all that could be desired. The metal-work—including both the bronze and other decorative features—and the cast-iron employed in construction, are especially noteworthy. The President of the Academy is James L. Claghorn, to whose zeal and labor the existence of this beautiful structure is mainly due. Philadelphia may well rejoice in the inauguration, this year, of its Fine Art Academy.

THE TURKISH IMBROGLIO.

SALONICA, AND THE OUTRAGE ON THE CHRISTIANS.

THE outrage at Salonica, on the 6th of May, now appears to have been premeditated, and as the signal for a general outbreak. On the 10th, 11th and 12th an excitement amounting to a panic existed at Constantinople. The Sultan was overawed by the mob, who demanded the immediate removal of the newly appointed Grand Vizier and the Minister of War. It is evident that the demonstrations are of a dual character, because, first, the leaders of the mob are the Sofias, who have charge of the mosques, and represent the religious element, and second, they base their demands for the removal of the officials named on the ground that they are too much under the influence of the Russian policy. The powerful Sofias, with their fanatical adherents,

as well as the Christians, are arming themselves as far as possible. Threats have been made openly against Christians generally, and the authority of the Sultan has so far been set at naught, that at one of the principal mosques the attending Sofias would not permit the formal prayer for the sovereign to be read. It is feared that if the troubles should crystallize in an uprising of the Mohammedans, the various colonies of European and American subjects located along the Bosphorus would be in greater danger of an attack than the native Christians, for their supposed wealth would tempt the cupidity of the Turkish mob. Ever since the reformatory note of Count Andrassy was accepted, one clause of which appeared to place all religious



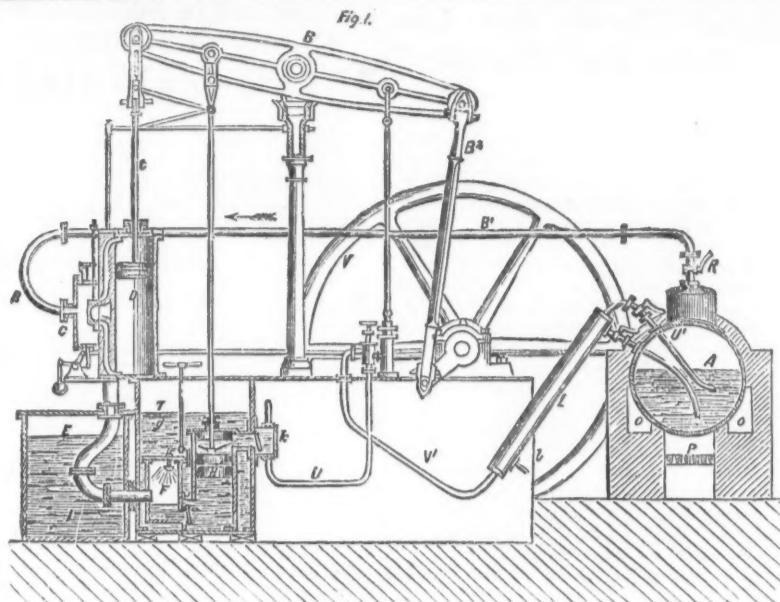
TURKEY.—SALONICA, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT MASSACRE OF EUROPEAN CONSULS.



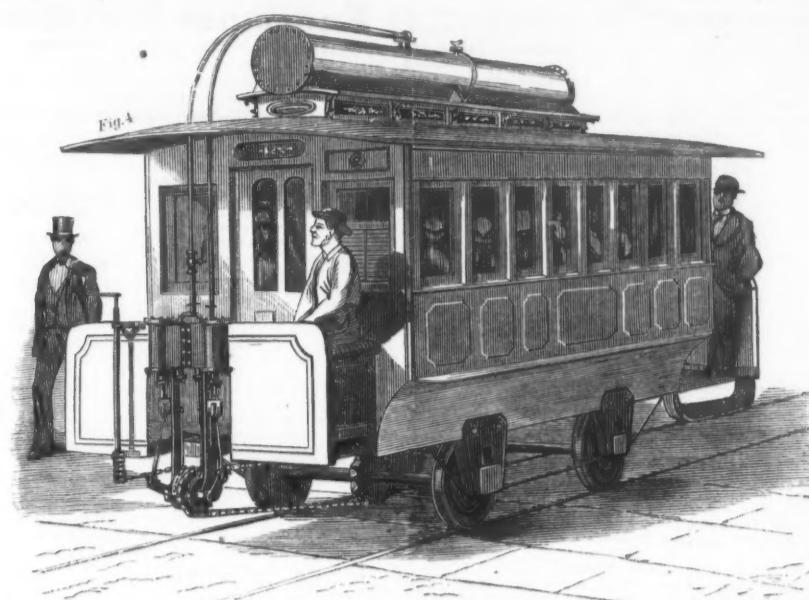
THE LATE MRS. MARY A. FORD, "UNA."

denominations on an equal scale, the Sofias have evinced the utmost hostility to the Government. The authorities being unable to cope single-handed with the politico-ecclesiastic party, it has become necessary for the Foreign Ministers and Consuls to take prompt action for the protection of their respective countrymen, as well as the native Christians. To give a substantial backing to whatever line of policy they may decide upon, war-vessels of Great Britain, France, Austria, Italy, Germany, Russia and the United States have been ordered to Salonica and Constantinople. Satisfaction was felt in Berlin and London that the Sultan had done all in his power to atone for the murder of the Consuls. Fifty-four persons were arrested for complicity in the outrage, eleven convicted, and six executed, and examination is still in progress. The disaffection extended to Stamboul, where, as at Salonica and Constantinople, the streets were paraded by excited crowds of Mussulmans.

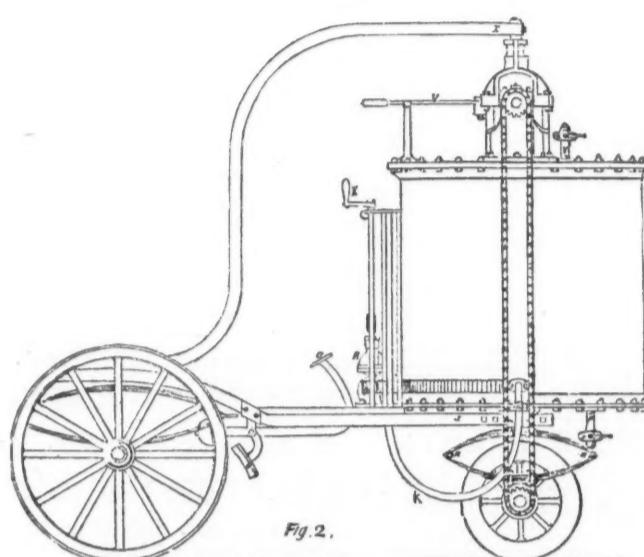
Salonica, the place where the disturbances first broke out, has at various times been known as Thessalonica and as Therma, the latter appellation being given it on account of the hot springs that exist in its neighborhood. The city has been men-



DELAPORTE'S AMMONIA ENGINE.



AMMONIA ENGINE FOR STREET-CARS.



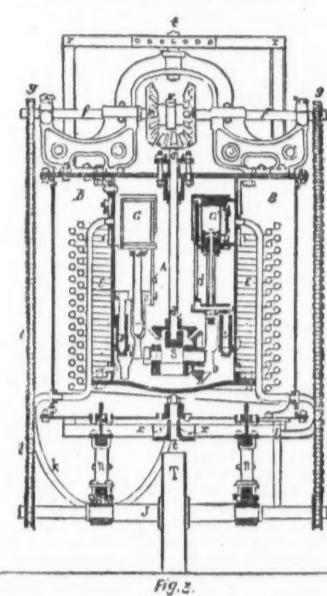
TELLIER'S AMMONIA LOCOMOTIVE.

THE PROPOSED SUBSTITUTE FOR STEAM—AMMONIA AS A MECHANICAL MOTOR.—SEE PAGE 211.

tioned in history—both profane and sacred—since its occupation by Xerxes. In 315 B.C. the ravages it suffered in the Peloponnesian War were repaired by Cassander, its limits were extended, and the greater portion rebuilt, when, in honor of his wife, the daughter of Alexander, he named it Thessalonica. At the present day it has population of upwards of 60,000 persons, and has strong works for defense. While the city itself is a capital and seaport, the surrounding district is remarkably fertile and productive.

THE LATE MRS. MARY A. FORD, THE POETESS "UNA."

WE, this week, present our readers with a portrait of the lamented Irish-American poetess "Una," the late wife of Mr. Augustine Ford, of the *Irish World*. Among the many poets to whom Ireland has given birth in the present generation, Mrs. Ford occupied a proud position; and in her lamented death, which occurred recently at her residence in Brooklyn, another sparkling gem has fallen from the crown of Irish genius. She was born in the County of Antrim, Ireland, in 1841, and removed to the United States at a tender age. When quite young she gave striking evidence of the high poetic gifts with which she was so richly endowed. She received a finished education at St. Martin's Convent, Ohio, wherein she had ample opportunity to cultivate and refine her tastes, and devote her hours to the charms of literature, "the nursing mother of our minds." She became a constant contributor to many journals and magazines, both in this country and Ireland. She wrote chiefly for the *Irish World*. It may not perhaps be undeserving of mention that she is the only American

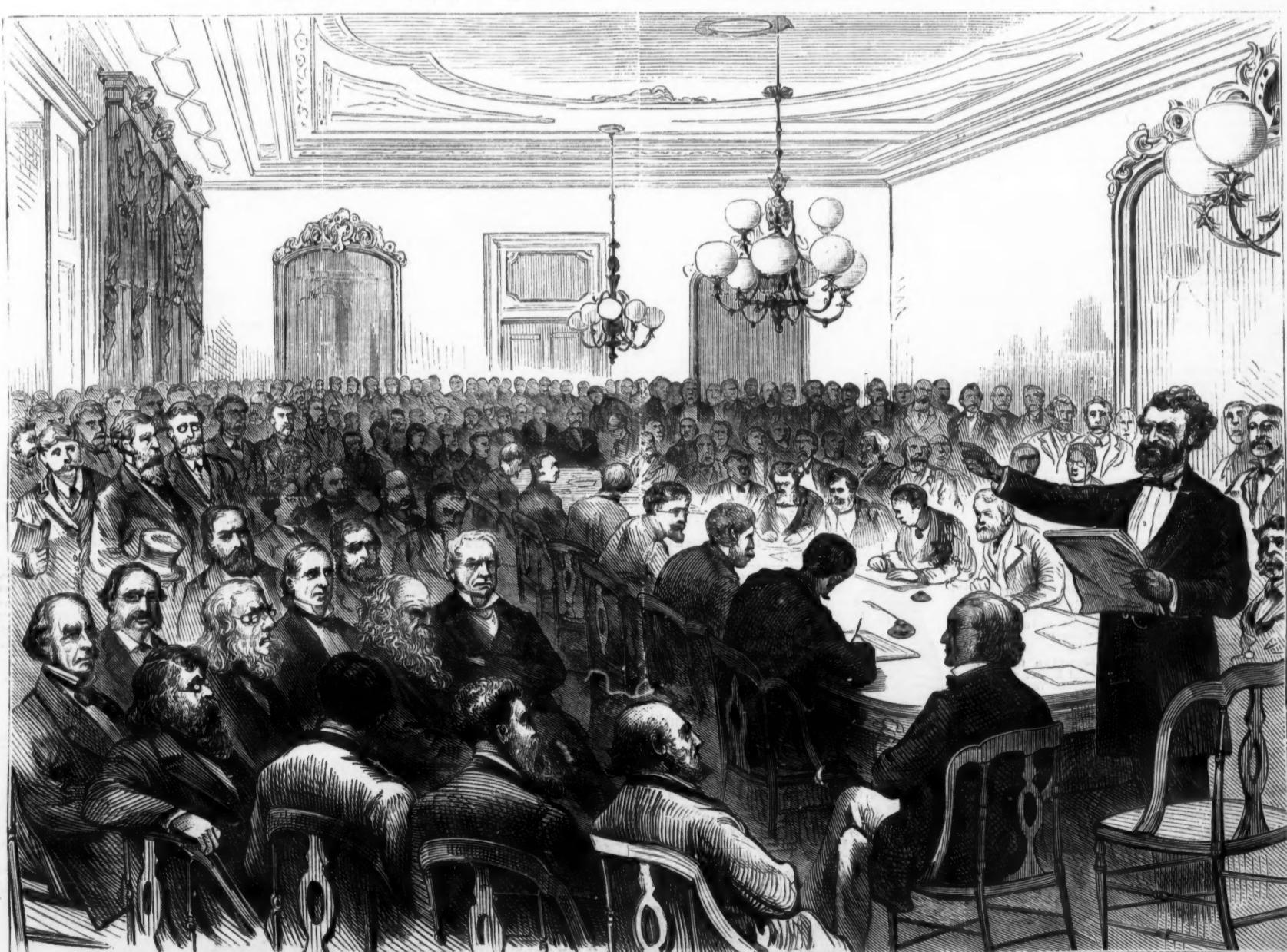


TELLIER'S AMMONIA LOCOMOTIVE—TRANSVERSE SECTION.

writer whose literary contributions find place in that excellent collection of Irish poetry, "Hayes's Ballads of Ireland." We say American writer, for "Una," though ever mindful of the land of her birth, was thoroughly American, devotedly attached to the institutions of this country, an ardent lover of the principle of republican liberty, and devoted some of her best and most refined efforts to subjects purely American. Two grand ideas pervade and permeate all her poems—the patriotic and the religious. She sang of freedom and the rights of man, and disdained to confine her love of either within geographical limits. She loved the principle of liberty, and principle is eternal and unvarying.

A Type-setting Machine.

NEAR the town of Nordhausen, in the province of Saxony, Prussia, lives Herr Henze, M.D., who has invented a new type-setting machine, of which



NEW YORK CITY.—THE REFORM CONFERENCE AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, MAY 16TH—CARL SCHURZ PRESENTING THE ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 211.

we receive the following particulars: By means of a lever, which is worked by a series of notes, something like a piano, the letters are raised out of the box in which they are kept, and placed in a position fixed for them. By employing a very simple mechanism, a second setting apparatus can be adjusted, and by this means the sentence is twice set in the same time. The machine is of the simplest construction, and yet can be worked easily, and performs the setting in a quick and correct manner. Three compositors cannot work so quickly and surely as one with such a machine. The price of the new invention will vary from thirty to sixty thalers.

FUN.

IN Spencer Wis., there is a secret society in operation, of which the public will probably learn much soon, as the members are being tried for the murder of a brother while undergoing initiation.

IT is an edifying spectacle to see a cartman calmly smoking his pipe on the top of a load of household goods, his feet quietly reposing on the finest paint-brushes, or the new clock, while the head of the family sneaks along the fence with the market-basket on his arm filled with old china and the silver spoons.

A LADY who was in the habit of spending a large portion of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in haste for a doctor. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming: "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

It was in a New-Jersey Sunday-school. The superintendent approached a youth of color who was present for the first time, and inquired his name for the purpose of placing it on the roll. The good man tried in vain to preserve his dignity when the answer was returned: "Well, massa calls me Cap'n, but my maiden name is Moses."

"SUPPOSE," said our village schoolteacher, addressing the first geography class, "suppose—now listen, boys and girls—I were to go out here on the playground and pierce a hole through the centre of the earth, and drop a stone in it, where would it come out?" "Out of the other end of the hole, sir," was the ready response of little Johnny Sharp.

NAUTICAL RHYMES.—Mares' tails leave scanty sails; red in the east I like the least; red in the west I like the best; when the clouds spread like a feather, mariners look for fair, good weather; when the lofty hills the mist doth bear, let the mariner then for storms prepare; lead, log, lookout, and be steady, keep an eye on the glass, and for changes be ready.

CATARH is a common disease—so common that snuffing, spitting and blowing of the nose meets us at every turn on the street. Your foot slips in these nasty discharges on the sidewalk, and in the public conveyance; and its disagreeable odor, contaminating the breath of the afflicted, renders them offensive to their associates. There is the highest medical authority for stating that with fully one-half, if not two-thirds, of those afflicted with Consumption of the Lungs, the disease commences as Catarrh in the nose or head, the next step being to the throat and bronchial tubes—lastly to the lungs. How important, then, to give early and prompt attention to a Catarrh! To cure this loathsome disease, correct the system by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which tones it up, cleanses the blood, and heals the diseased glands by a specific influence upon them; and to assist, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche. This is the only way to reach the upper and back cavities where the discharge comes from. No danger from this treatment, and it is pleasant to use. The two medicines with instrument are sold by all dealers in medicines.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Indorsed by the fashionable world. 48 BOND ST., N. Y., and of druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

DR. VAN HOLM, 161 Court Street, Boston, Mass. A reliable Physician. Consultation, by mail or at office, free. Office hours from 11 to 12.

OVERTON'S NEW DINING ROOMS, No. 192 Chat-ham Square, are unexceptionable in the cheapness, quality and cooking of their table supplies. Call and judge.

PREVENTION LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELTY HOUSE of George L. Felton & Co., at 119 Nassau Street, have a large stock of newly invented novelties, and specially invite those who wish employment to write them.

GLOBE BIRD MEDICINE, for Birds of all kinds, restores health, song and plumage. For sale by all Druggists and Bird-dealers. By mail 25 cents. Address, SINGER GRAVEL PAPER CO. 582 Hudson St. N. Y.

THE BIG FONANZA.—50 Side-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Trick Cards, The Matrimonial Programme, Pack Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymond Cards, 1 Pack Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in one package for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City. P. O. Box 3676.

VISITORS TO THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION should consult their interests by stopping at the United States Hotel. It is most eligibly located, comfortably furnished and admirably kept. Its reputation having been already secured, its popularity is rapidly increasing, and it now bids fair to become the Hotel of the Centennial.

MAGIC LANTERN AND 100 SLIDES FOR \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megalethoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.—Geo. T. N. Cottam, formerly of the Central Park, lays out parks and pleasure grounds, and attends to gardening operations generally. Address by letter, care of Frank Leslie, Esq., 537 Pearl Street, N. Y., to whom advertiser refers by permission.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE is Dr. Tobias's VENETIAN LINIMENT for the cure of Aches and Pains, also Cholera, Dysentery, Colic and Vomiting. Warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.

WE CALL PARTICULAR ATTENTION to the Advertisement of Messrs. Geo. W. Read & Co., which appears in another column of this paper. They have just issued a very handsome Catalogue, containing some very choice designs in Rare and Fancy Woods. This book is especially useful to Amateur Workers, and it is very seldom that such a fine collection of Designs is presented to the public for the mere cost of postage. Parents will do well to encourage their boys in this useful, ornamental, as well as profitable, amusement.

LAWN MOWERS TO THE FRONT!—Mr. A. B. Cohu, of 197 Water Street, claims that he has the largest stock of Lawn Mowers, Lawn Sprinklers and Lawn Seed—in fact, larger than any other two houses in the city, and that is saying a great deal; yet 'tis a fact, I assure you. See the Mowers, and believe for yourself. No handsome lawn can remain so without the use of a Lawn Mower, and A. B. Cohu's place is the reliable one to buy of. Everything that is wanted on a farm can be found there. Lawn Rakes, Garden and Field Rollers, English Lawn Scythes, Garden Barrows, Grass Hooks, Carts, Wagons, Garden Engines, etc. The Lawn Sprinklers make a very pretty effect on the lawn. Besides being very useful, they are also ornamental. Prices ranging from \$10.50 to \$12.50; Fountain attachments \$1.50 extra. Our readers will do well by patronizing Mr. A. B. Cohu's place, 197 Water Street, New York City.

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List of prices that these goods are ordered to be sold at: Silver Watches, \$9, \$12, \$16 and \$18; Ladies' Size Gold Watches, \$19, \$22, \$25, \$28, \$30, \$35, \$40, and \$45; Gents' Size, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$55, \$60, and \$65.

Parties wishing Watches should order at once, as the assortment is now complete, so we can fill any order of much any magnitude or description. If you don't wish any particular make or style of Watch, simply one that is substantial and will keep good time, let us know what price you wish to pay, and we will send you the best Watch possible for the money.

Of course, the higher the price paid for a Silver or Gold Watch the finer the works and the heavier and finer the case will be. This stock of Watches was imported with view of supplying only the Leading Jewelers of the country; for that reason they are all the finest Watches that are made. The names of all the best makers in the world are represented in this stock. On account of the great depression in business, which has been the cause of these failures, it is deemed advisable to convert this stock into cash within ninety days at whatever sacrifice is necessary to do so.

The works of these Watches are full-jeweled and lever movements; they are all in hunting-cases, and warranted solid gold and silver.

The well-known firm of ELIAS & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry, has been appointed to dispose of these Watches, and have been instructed to send them by Express, C. O. D., to any part of the United States, and to allow parties ordering them to examine the Watches before paying one penny, and if they are not satisfactory, just as represented, they are under no obligation to receive them. A written guarantee will be sent with each Watch, stating quality, etc. Five per cent. discount will be made to jewelers purchasing by the dozen.

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